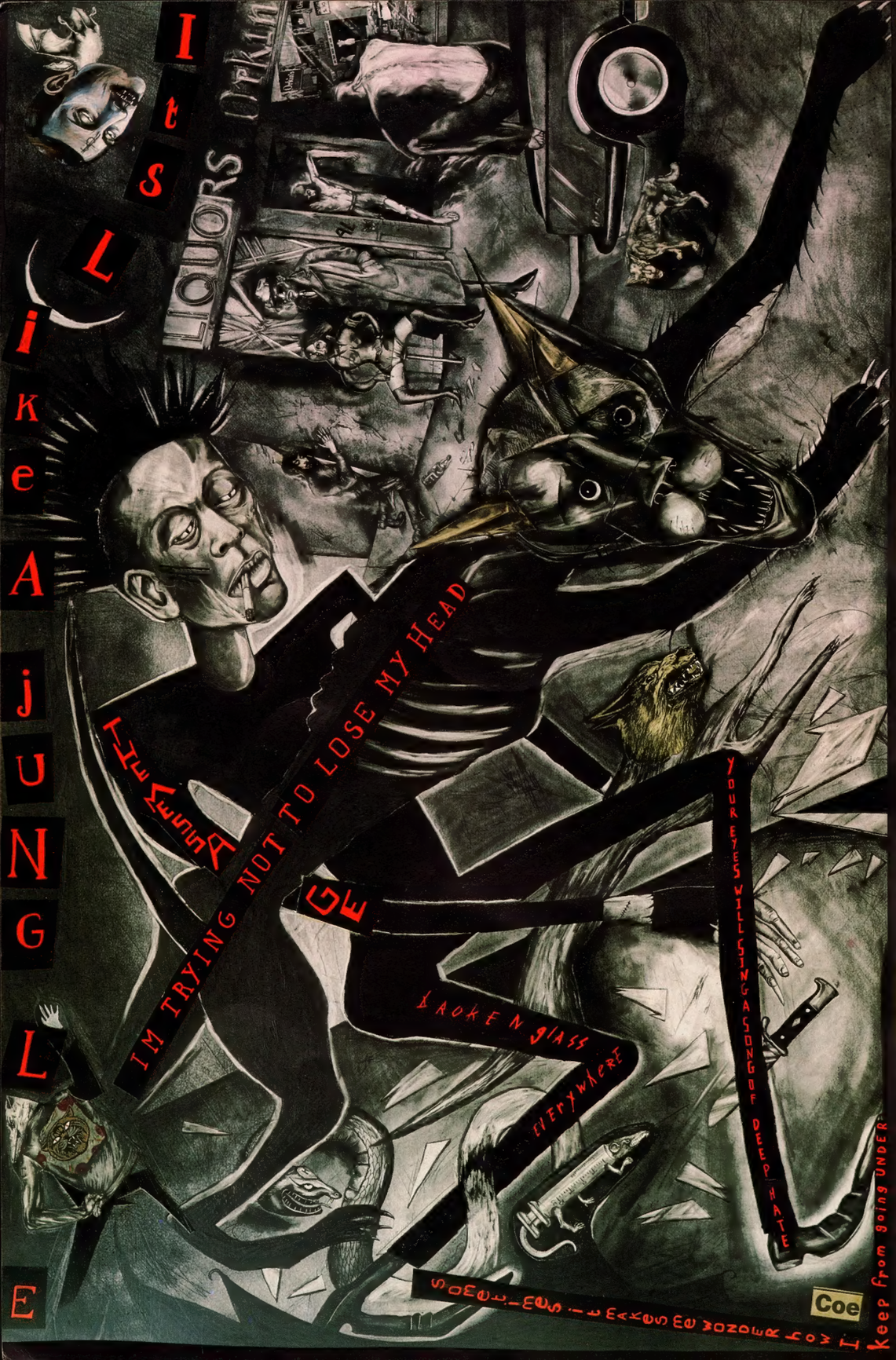
RAW

THE GRAPHIX MAGAZINE OF ABSTRACT DEPRESSIONISM

NUMBER FIVE

$4.95



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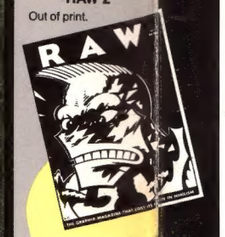

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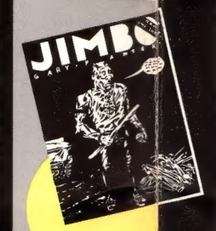

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Hardcover anthology of strips by art spiegelman. $12 ppd

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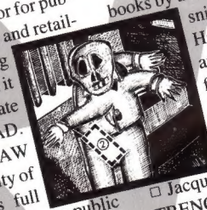
1 Year (2 issues) $11 Specify starting issue number. Outside US, send Int'l Money Order.

RAW DATA: Ten years ago we wouldn't have had to think twice about publishing Pascal Doury's THEODORE DEATH HEAD (see page 18). But now that the Far Right has replaced the Far-out in the U.S., we have had to worry about the possibility that the work could be seen as "obscene." The Supreme Court currently leaves the definition of that nebulous concept up to local communities, and publishers must anticipate the responses of any self-righteous jerk, anywhere, who might stumble upon their publications. Self-censorship is often the better part of valor for publishers trying to keep local distributors and retailers out of trouble. To avoid offending the aforementioned jerk, we've taken it upon ourselves to block out the "private parts" of THEODORE DEATH HEAD. Unfortunately, this deprives RAW readers—who make up a community of a different sort—of the work's full impact in its unexpurgated form. So, as a public service, RAW offers the genitalia as a sheet of stickers for readers to clip and stick in the privacy of their own homes. Those interested must send proof of age (preferably photocopy of an ID with a photo) and a self-addressed stamped #10 (business size) envelope.

□ Pascal Doury's THEODORE DEATH HEAD and other stories are being published as THÉO TÊTE DE MORT by Les Humanoides Associés, Paris. Doury has also been collaborating for years with Bruno Richard (see his K. KAT & P. PEE on page 41). They have published numerous books and pamphlets, all under the title ELLES SONT 2 SORTIE. For more information about these, or Bruno Richard's new book, SEXY POLITZEÏ, contact him at 7 Rue de Bourg L'Abbee, 75003, Paris. Le Dernier Terrain Vague has recently published a collection of their graphics, PORNOGRAPHIE CATHOLIQUE. Copies are available from Raw for $15 postpaid—adults only.

□ When Jerry Moriarty isn't helping Jack survive (see page 45), he curates his eclectic collection of discarded popular culture. A true connoisseur, he can identify different publishers of old comic books by the aroma of the newsprint they used. He sniffed out Henry Fletcher (aka Fletcher Hanks, Barclay Flagg, Charles Netcher and Hank Christy), an obscure, heretofore unrecognized, genius. Hank Fletcher's most luminous creation, STARDUST (see page 7), originally appeared in *Fantastic Comics* in 1939/40.



□ Jacques Tardi's IT WAS THE WAR OF THE TRENCHES (see page 31) is a self-contained sequence from a longer work with the same title published by Editions Casterman in France. We are planning a book of Tardi's work, to be published as RAW ONE-SHOT #2.

□ Our thanks to: Marshall Arisman and David Rhodes of the School of Visual Arts, Andrew Baum, Ugo Cirillo, Eve Darcy, Rudolf, and Julie Simmons-Lynch.

□ It took close to a year to get this issue together. It may take another for us to recover. Don't forget to subscribe. . .

design: Françoise Mouly

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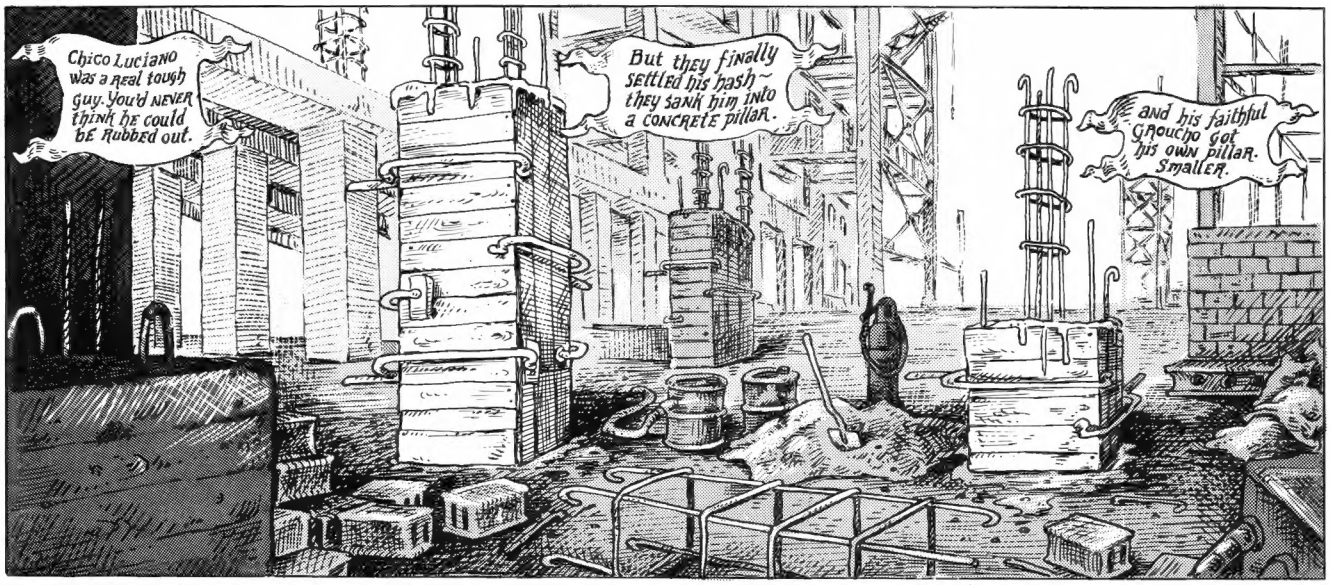

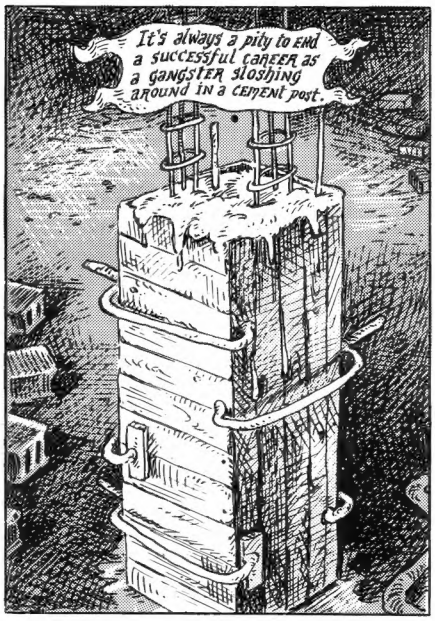

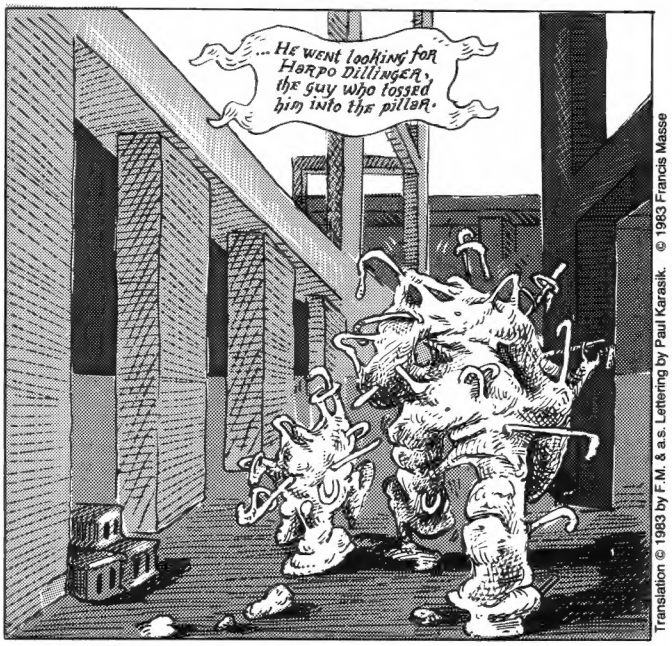

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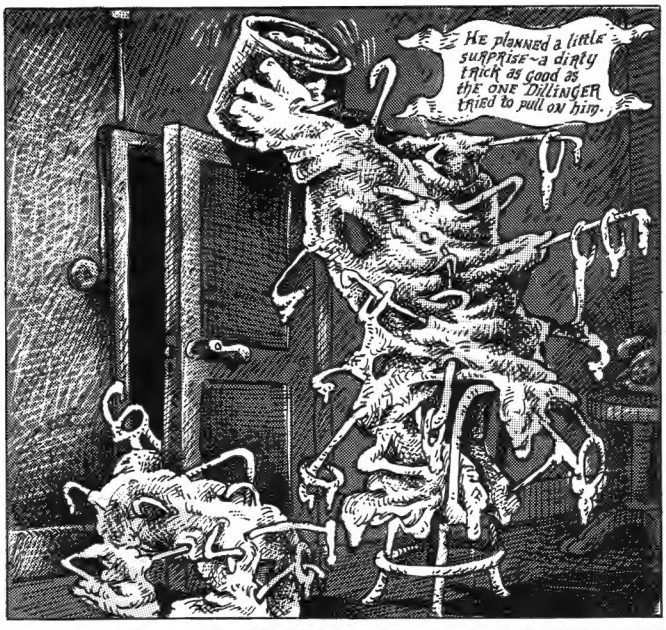
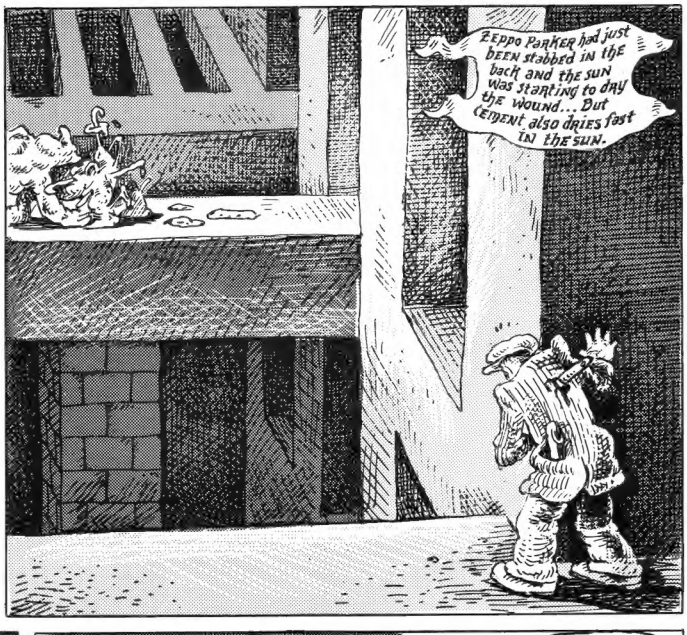
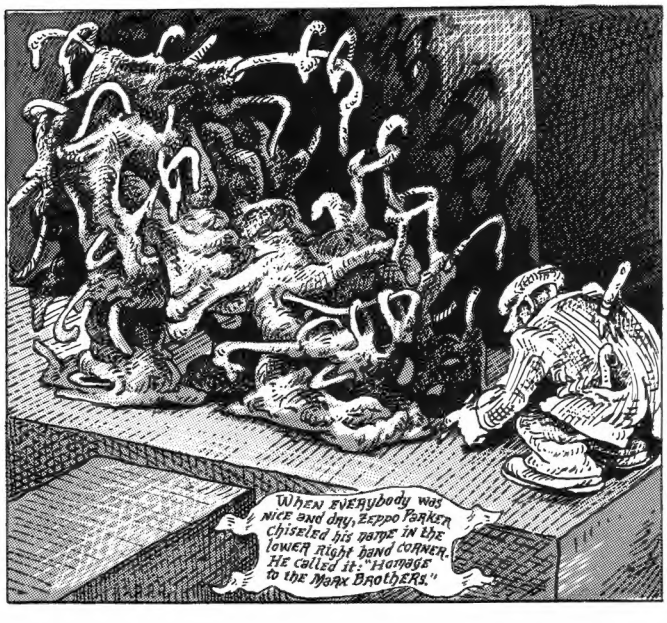

He planned a little surprise–a dirty trick as good as the one Dillinger tried to pull on him.

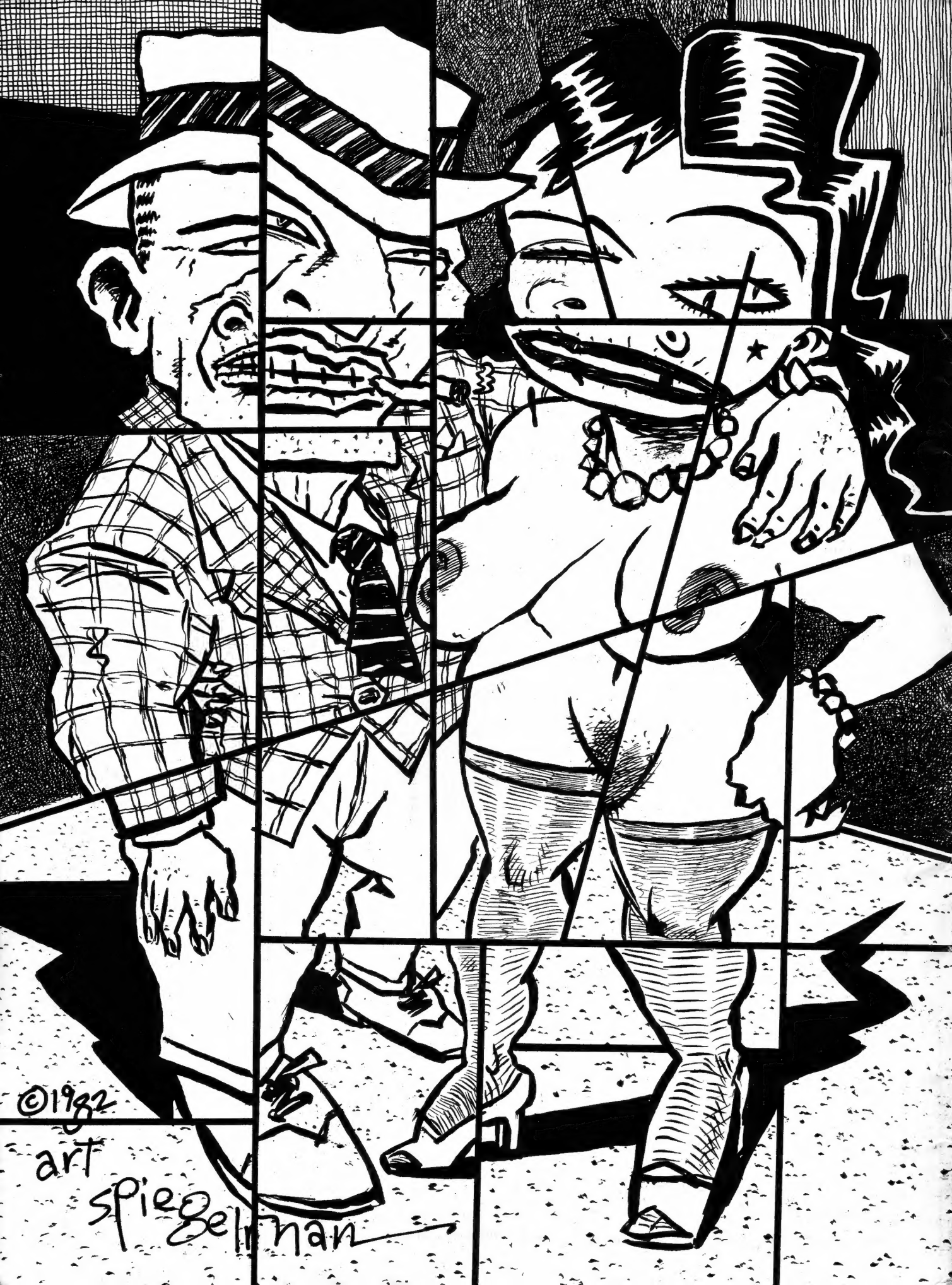
Coming home, Harpo Dillinger got a bucket-ful of cement right on the noggin. It killed him on the spot.
darn!

Chico and Groucho dragged the corpse to the construction site to cast it in concrete.
Zeppo Parker was a two-bit punk hired to tail them for a rival gang.


Zeppo Parker had just been stabbed in the back and the sun was starting to dry the wound... But cement also dries fast in the sun.


When everybody was nice and dry, Zeppo Parker chiseled his name in the lower right hand corner. He called it: "Homage to the Marx Brothers."

Right away, everyone flocked from all over the world to tip their hat to this masterpiece of contemporary art.
I better not turn around. If they see the knife in my back they'll all scramble to buy me. There's an even bigger demand for sculptures that move by themselves!
Wow! How many billions of dollars do you want for that thing?? I'll take it right away!
T. Moore

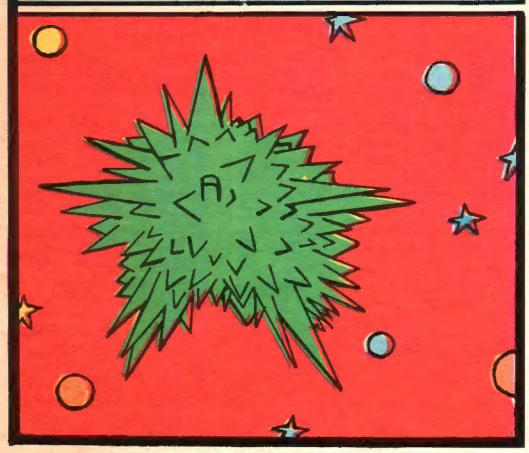

©1982
art
spiegelman

THE SUPER WIZARD STARDUST

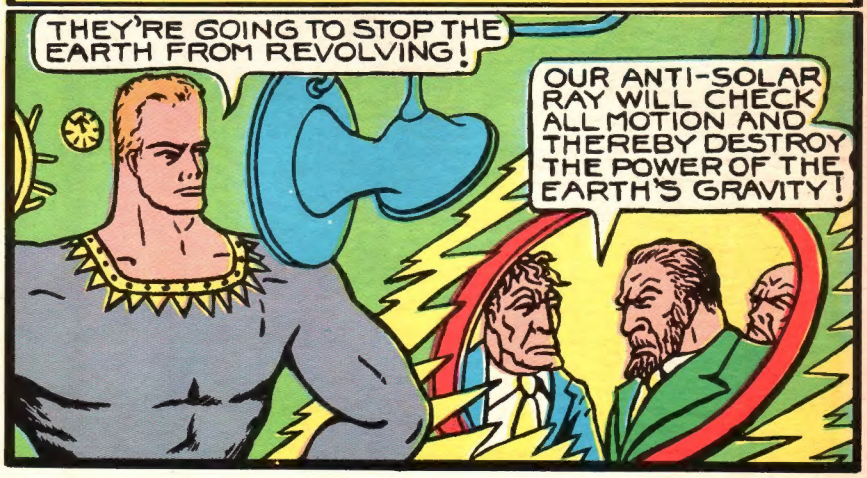
By FLETCHER HANKS

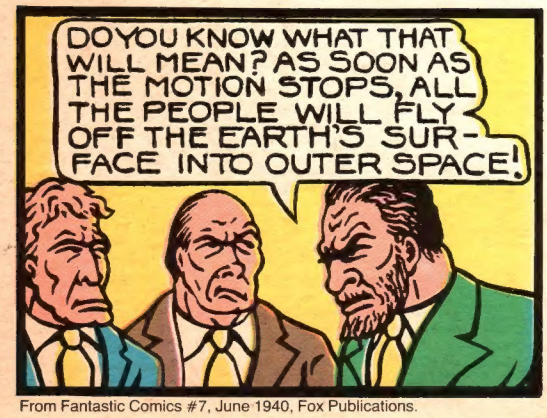
STARDUST, THE SCIENTIFIC MARVEL WHOSE VAST KNOWLEDGE OF ALL PLANETS HAS MADE HIM THE MOST REMARKABLE PERSON EVER KNOWN, IS DEVOTING HIS ABILITIES TO CRIME-BUSTING . . . . . .

FROM HIS OBSERVATORY ON HIS PRIVATE ASTEROID, HE LOOKS AT THE VARIOUS PLANETS . . .



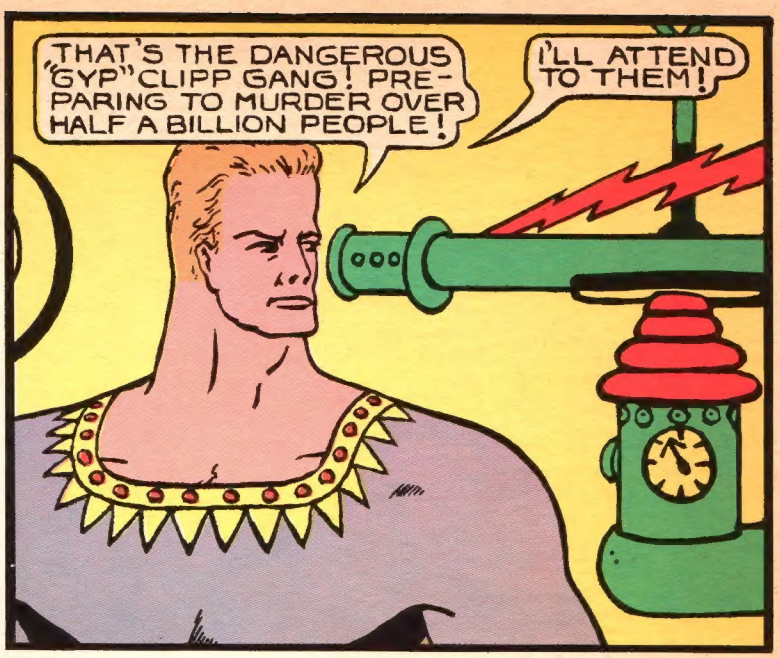
HIS TELEVISIONAL CRIME-DETECTING UNIT SHOWS A HORRIBLE CRIME BEING PLANNED ON EARTH . . .



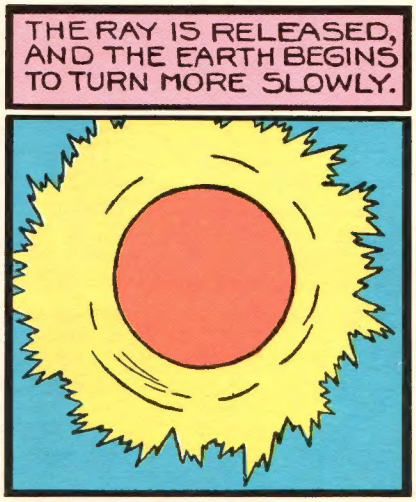


From Fantastic Comics #7, June 1940, Fox Publications.

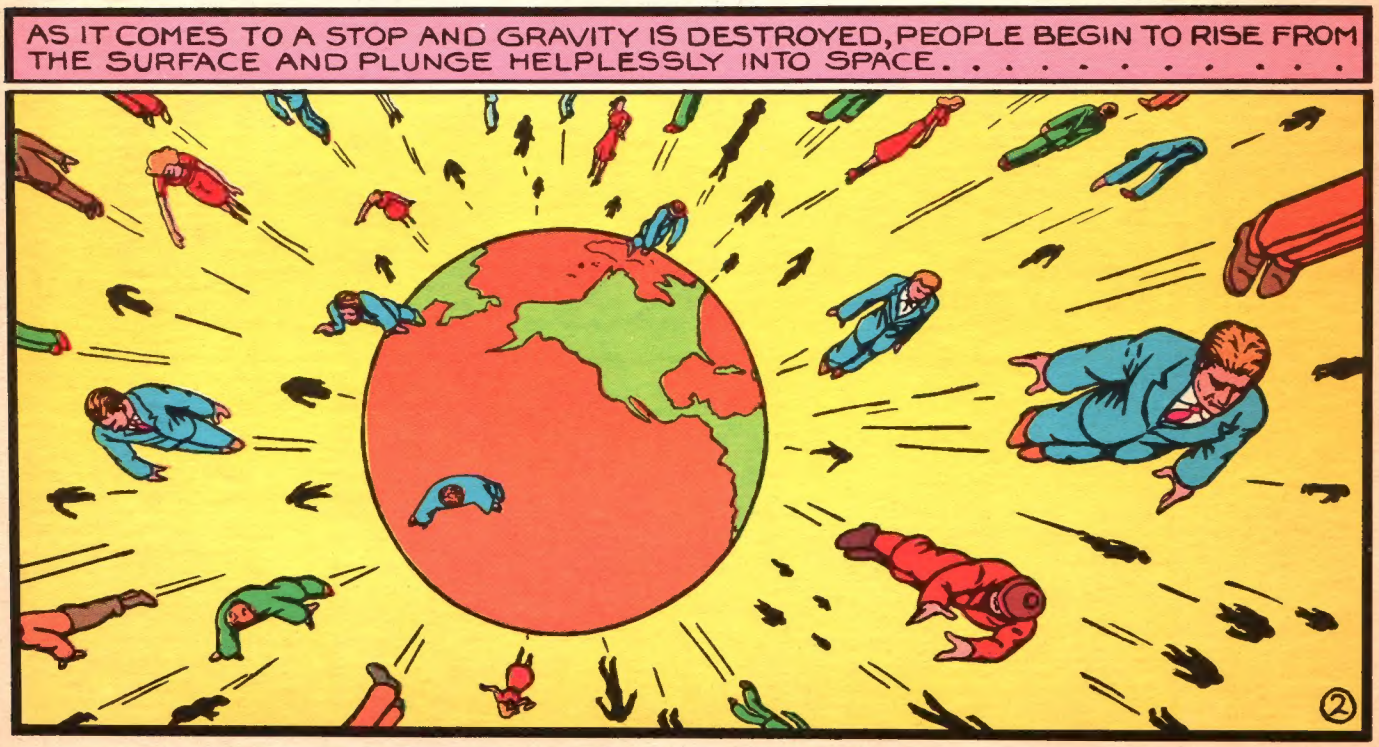
WHEN EVERYBODY HAS DISAPPEARED INTO SPACE, WE'LL REVERSE OUR ANTI-SOLAR RAY AND RESTORE THE EARTH'S MOTION AND IT'S GRAVITY! THEN WE CAN HAVE THE WHOLE EARTH AND ALL IT'S WEALTH FOR OURSELVES!

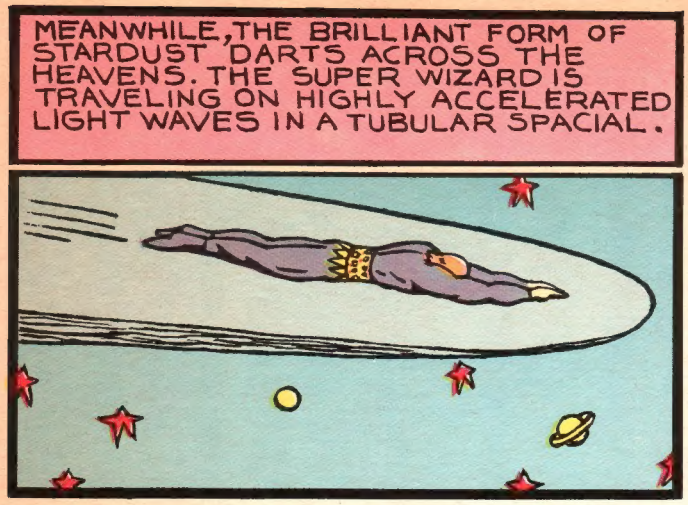

THAT'S THE DANGEROUS "GYP" CLIPP GANG! PREPARING TO MURDER OVER HALF A BILLION PEOPLE!
I'LL ATTEND TO THEM!

COME ON, YOU MUGS! GET READY! WE'RE GOING TO RELEASE OUR ANTI-SOLAR RAY!


THE RAY IS RELEASED, AND THE EARTH BEGINS TO TURN MORE SLOWLY.

IT FINALLY LOSES ALL ITS MOTION . . . . . .

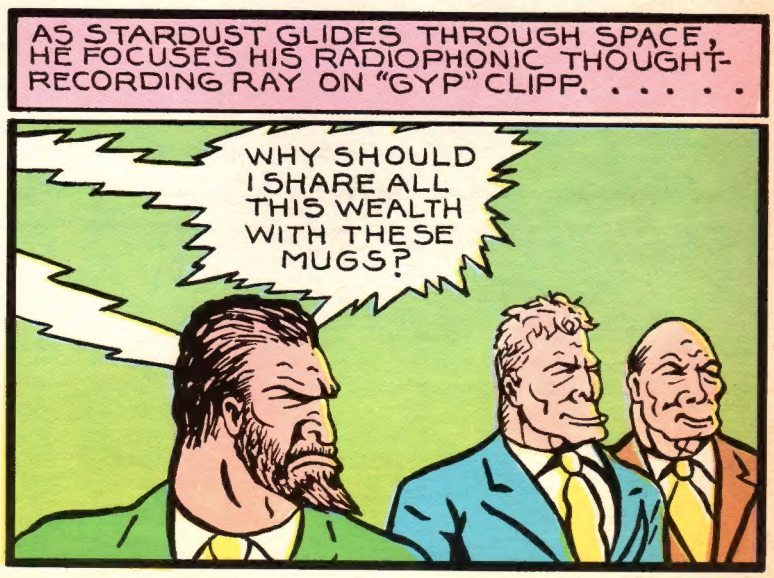

AS IT COMES TO A STOP AND GRAVITY IS DESTROYED, PEOPLE BEGIN TO RISE FROM THE SURFACE AND PLUNGE HELPLESSLY INTO SPACE. . . . . .
2

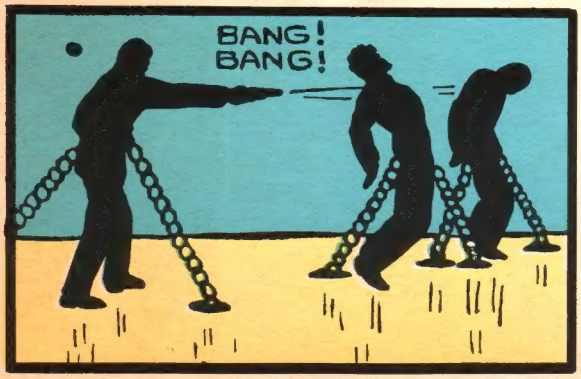

MEANWHILE, THE BRILLIANT FORM OF STARDUST DARTS ACROSS THE HEAVENS. THE SUPER WIZARD IS TRAVELING ON HIGHLY ACCELERATED LIGHT WAVES IN A TUBULAR SPACIAL.

EVERYBODY SHOULD BE OFF THE EARTH BY THIS TIME!
WE SHOULD HAVE SPARED A FEW, TO MAKE SLAVES OF THEM!
PERHAPS A FEW ARE LEFT — WE CAN CAPTURE THEM!

STARDUST'S EXTRA SIGHT ENABLES HIM TO SEE THE MILLIONS OF EARTH PEOPLE DRIFTING IN SPACE, UNCONSCIOUS AND GASPING . . . . . .

HE SEES THE "GYP" CLIPP GANG GETTING READY TO REVERSE THE ANTI-SOLAR RAY AND MAKE THE EARTH AGAIN NORMAL . . . . . .
WE'LL SOON HAVE IT ALL FOR OURSELVES, "GYP"!


AS STARDUST GLIDES THROUGH SPACE, HE FOCUSES HIS RADIOPHONIC THOUGHT-RECORDING RAY ON "GYP" CLIPP. . . . . .
WHY SHOULD I SHARE ALL THIS WEALTH WITH THESE MUGS?

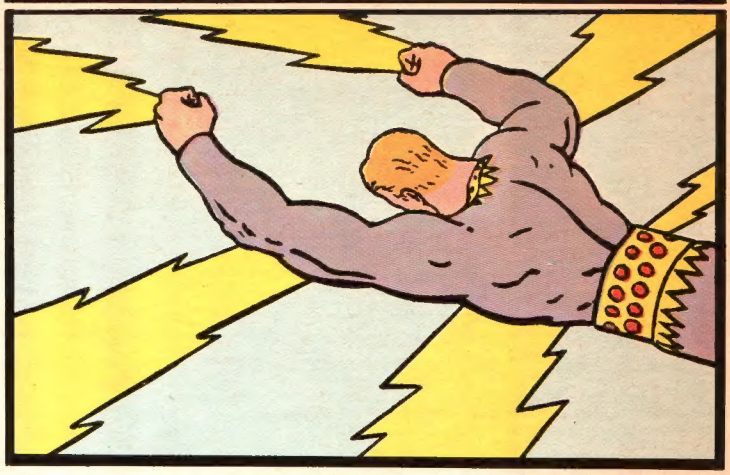

BANG! BANG!

NOW I'LL HAVE IT ALL TO MYSELF!

"GYP" REVERSES THE ANTI-SOLAR RAY AND THE EARTH BEGINS TO REVOLVE AGAIN. . .

MEANWHILE, STARDUST ENCIRCLES THE EARTH, DISCHARGING LONG ATTRACTOR BEAMS TOWARDS THE DRIFTING MILLIONS OF EARTHPEOPLE.

FINALLY, WITH A TREMENDOUS BURST OF POWER, HE BEGINS DRAWING THE STRONG ATTRACTOR BEAMS BACK TO HIM. THE HALF A BILLION EARTHPEOPLE ARE NOW UNDER HIS CONTROL . . . . . .



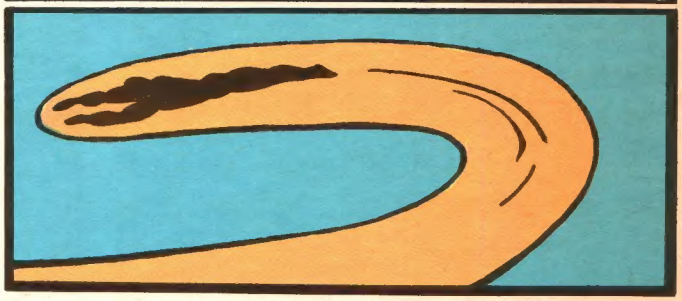
WITHOUT DELAY, HE TRANSMITS THEM TO THE NOW NORMAL ATMOSPHERE OF THEIR PLANET . . . . . .

"GYP" CLIPP, BELIEVING HE HAS THE WORLD TO HIMSELF, GLOATS MADLY. . .

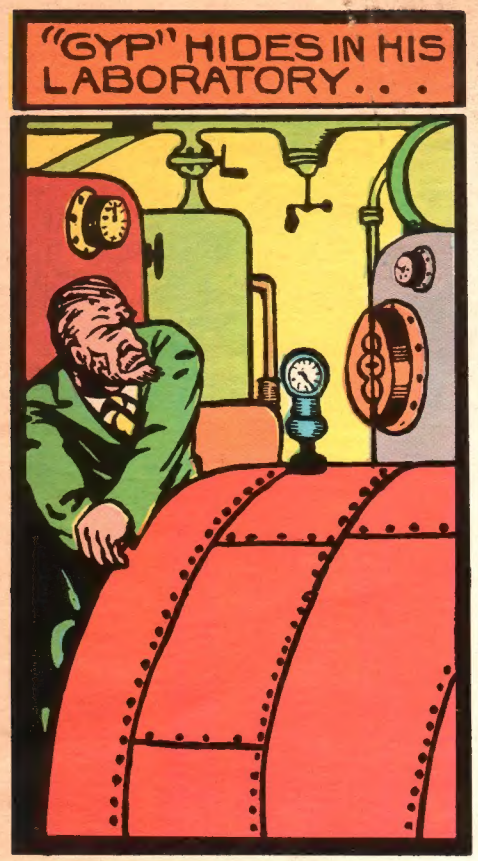
SUDDENLY THE SKY BECOMES DARKENED WITH THE SLOWLY DESCENDING FORMS OF HUMAN BEINGS. .

WITHOUT MISTAKE, EACH PERSON IS RETURNED TO THE SPOT FROM WHICH HE OR SHE LEFT THE EARTH WHEN "GYP" STOPPED THE ACTION OF GRAVITY. . . .

GLIDING SWIFTLY, STARDUST CONTROLS EVERY MOVEMENT OF THE EARTHPEOPLE



"GYP" CLIPP HAS BECOME TERRIFIED! . .


"GYP" HIDES IN HIS LABORATORY. . .

SUDDENLY, A BLINDING FLASH FILLS THE LAB. .

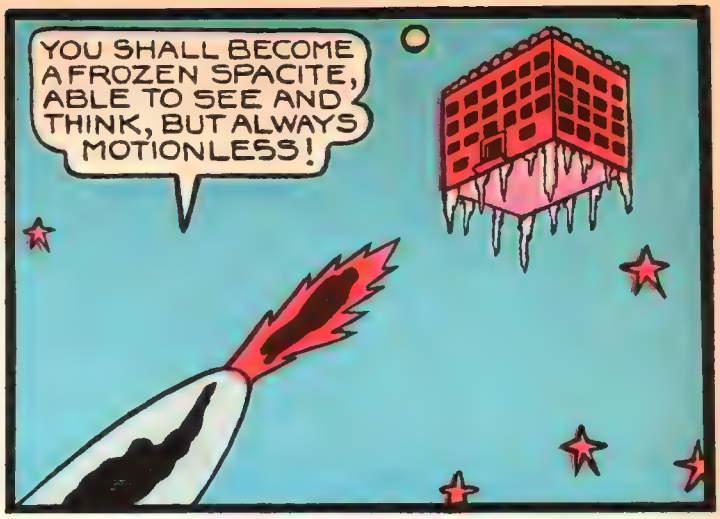
AND "GYP'S" EQUIPMENT IS ENTIRELY DESTROYED BY A FUSING RAY. .
BANG!

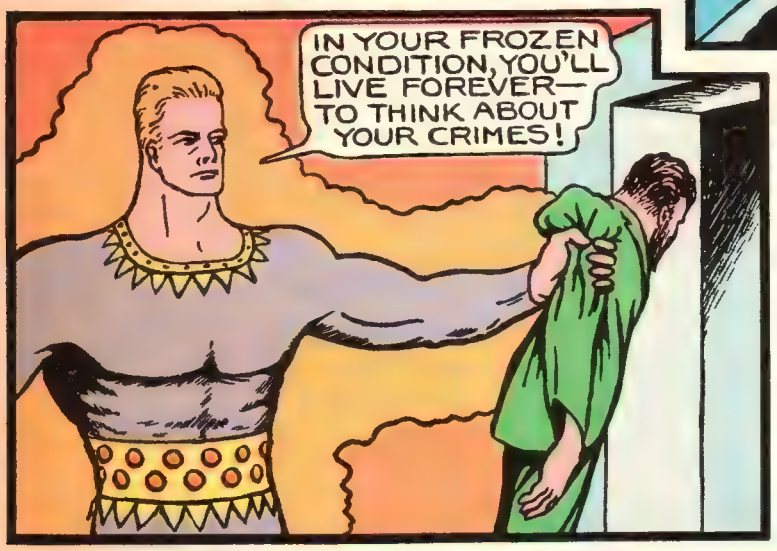
FROM OUT OF THE FLASH STEPS STARDUST.
OH, MY LORD!

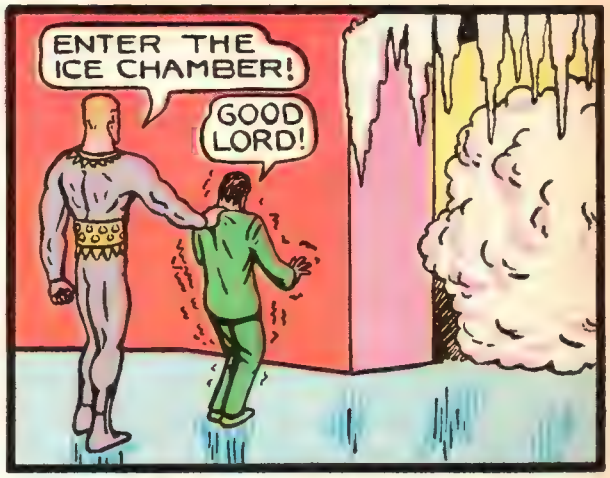
COME ON, "GYP"! YOU'RE GOING INTO SPACE!
5

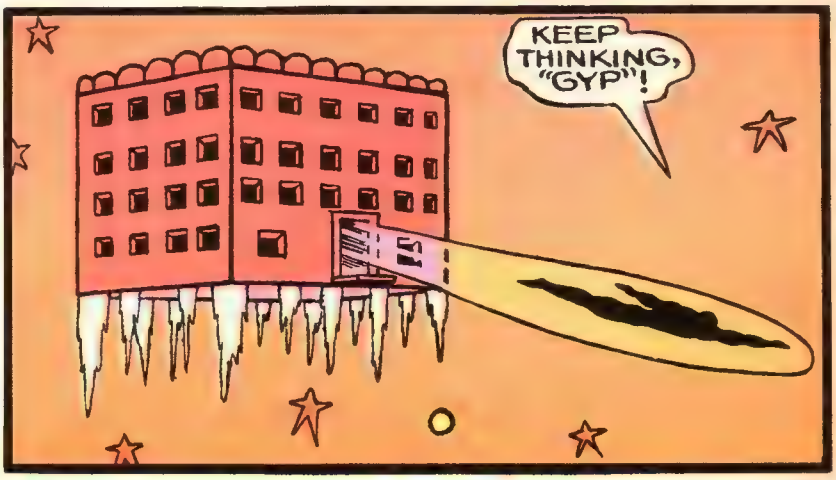
"GYP" WHIRLS INTO OUTER SPACE...

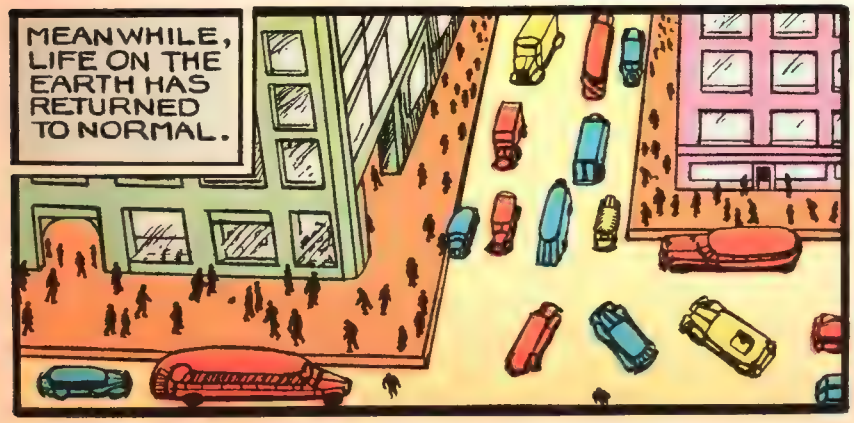
AND STARDUST FOLLOWS, READY TO PROPEL HIM TO THE REALM OF CONSTANT TWILIGHT. .

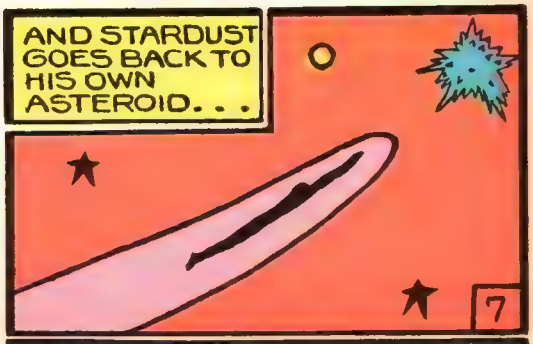




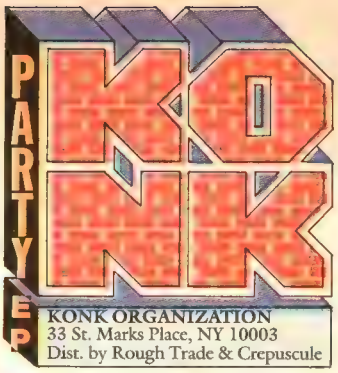


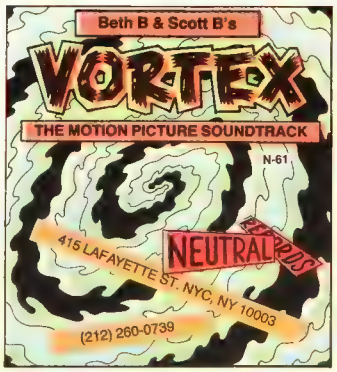


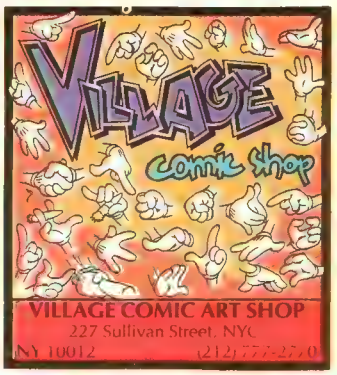


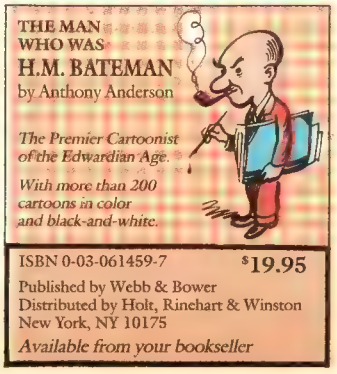


IN THE NEXT ISSUE, **STARDUST WILL BATTLE THE SUPER FIEND OF LEPUS**



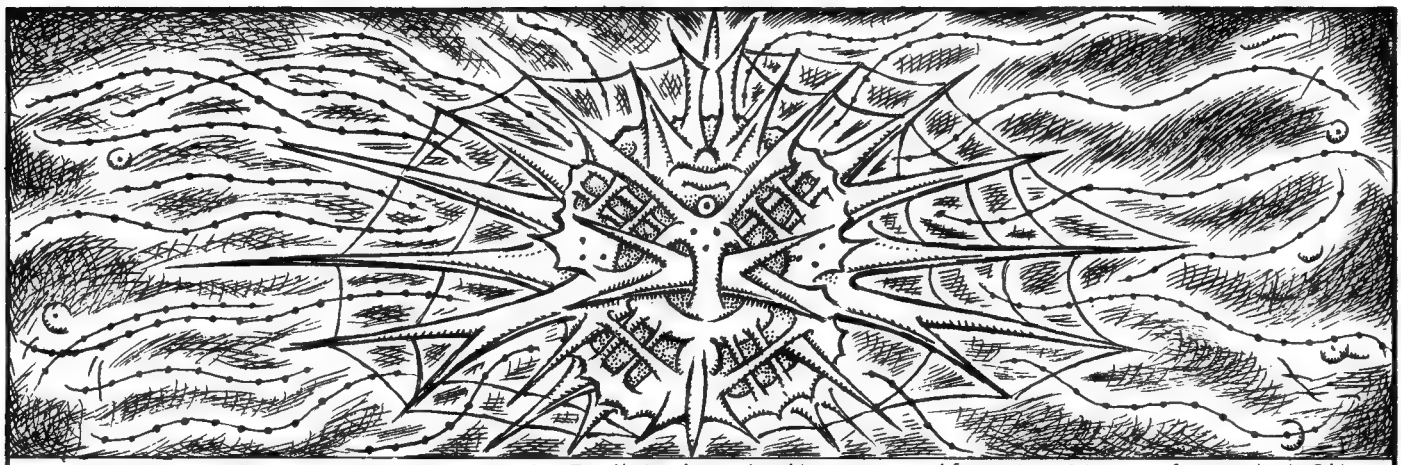






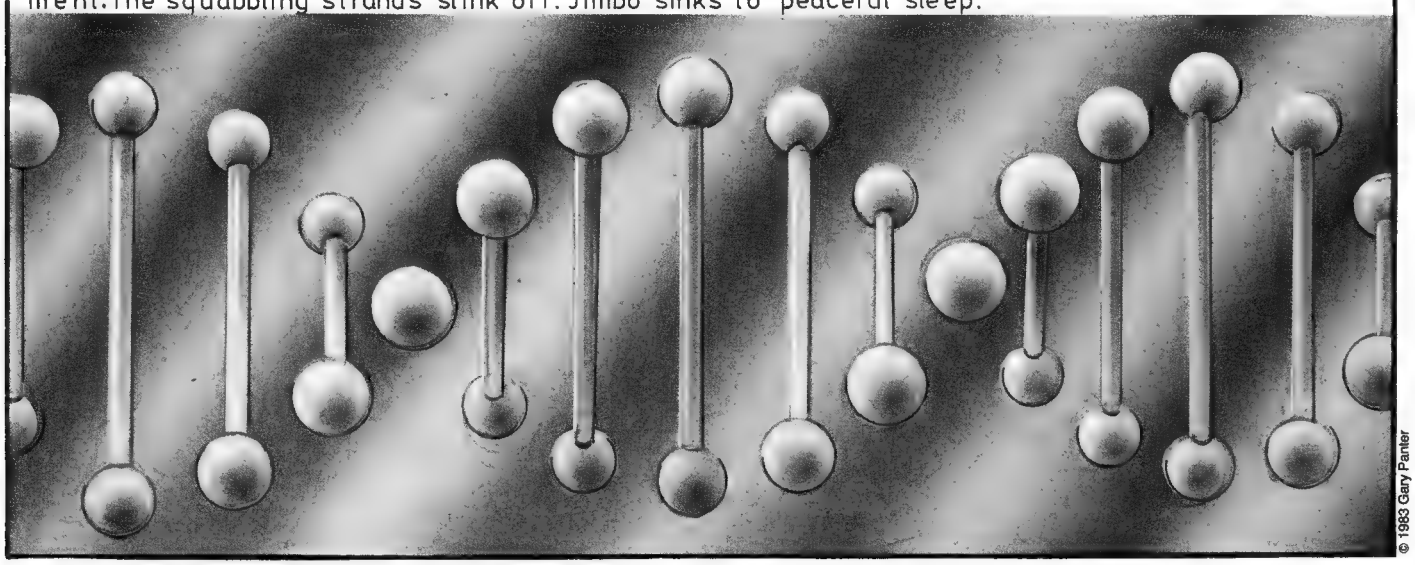
Design by Rick Gallagher. Color by Françoise Mouly.

...dreams one night he's paying off, in guilt & uncertainty, the karmic debt of all the amphibious gobblers of the late Carboniferous period.



The self-satisfied laughter of masonic Radiolarian do-it-your-selfers burble up from hot Silurian seas to taunt Jimbo for his ineptitude.

A double helix floats in, tries to convince Jimbo of its superiority, but splits during the closing argument. The squabbling strands slink off. Jimbo sinks to peaceful sleep.



© 1983 Gary Panter

Big Baby

by CHARLES BURNS ©

IT'S YOUR TURN LITTLE GREEN MAN! YOUR MEN ARE BEING EATEN UP BY DINOSAURS! DO SOMETHING QUICK!

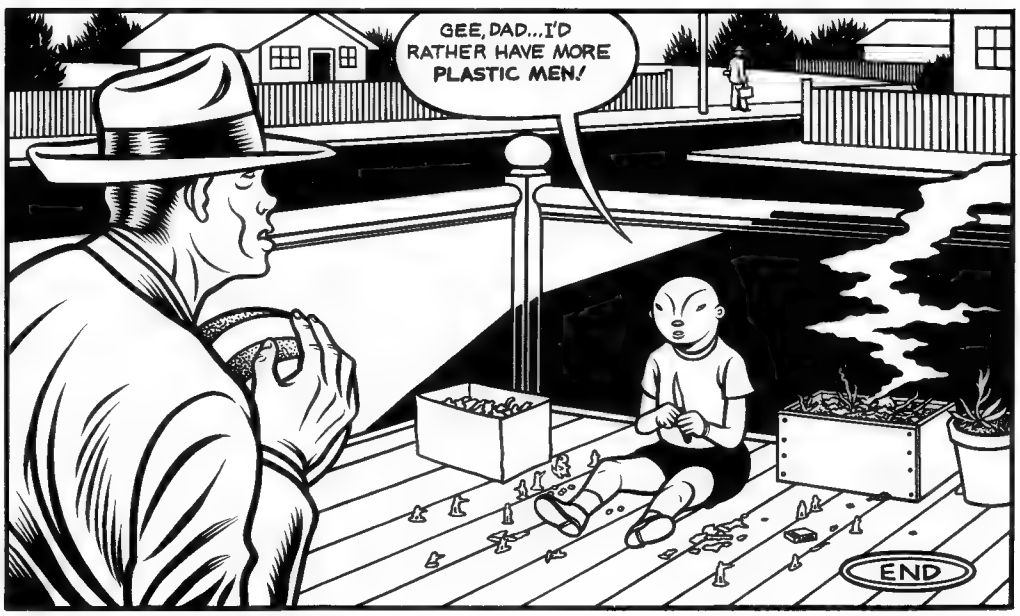
ONLY A FIRE BOMB WILL TAKE CARE OF THOSE BIG DUMMIES!

WELL, WELL... A BUNCH OF YELLOW-BELLY COWARDS! SCARED OF A LITTLE FIRE? WELL, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!

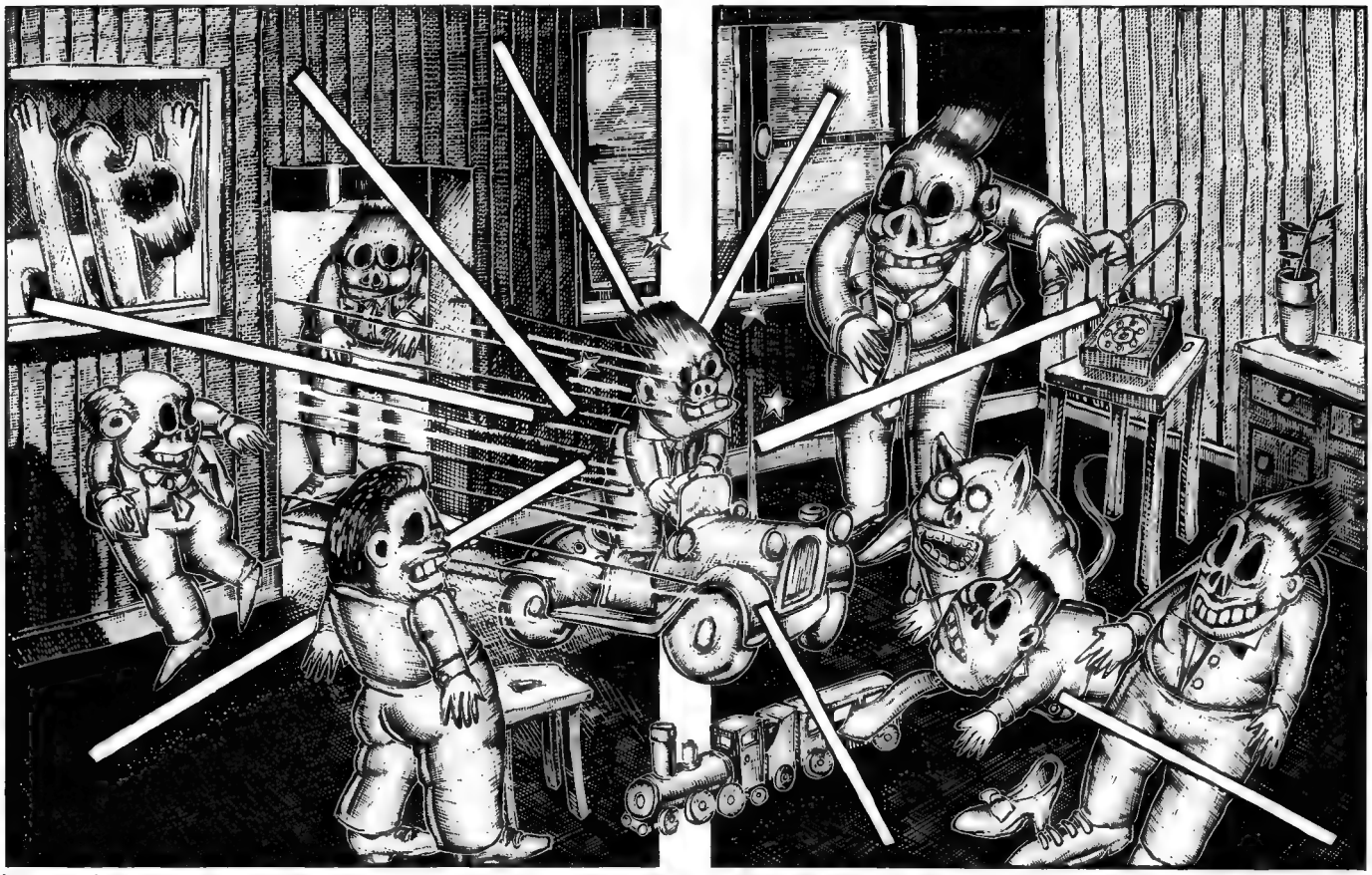
THERE'S NO ROOM FOR DESERTERS IN MY ARMY! NOW YOU MUST FACE THE DEADLY BLADE!

ER... UH... HELLO, SON...

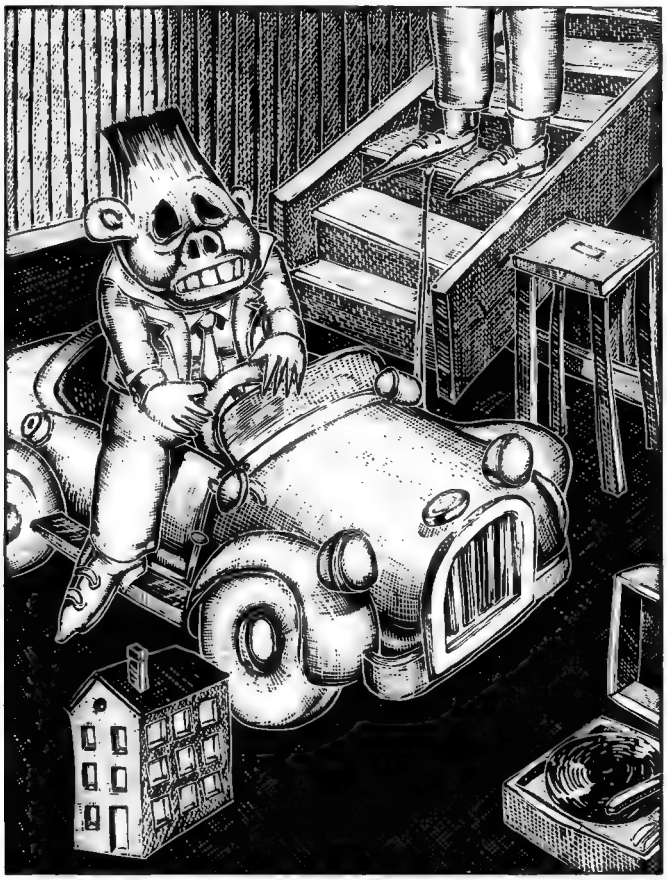
UH... I BROUGHT YOU A NICE TOY... LOOK, WE CAN PLAY CATCH IF YOU WANT.


GEE, DAD... I'D RATHER HAVE MORE PLASTIC MEN!
END

THEODORE DEATH HEAD



it is saturday night theo has come to pick up his fiancee

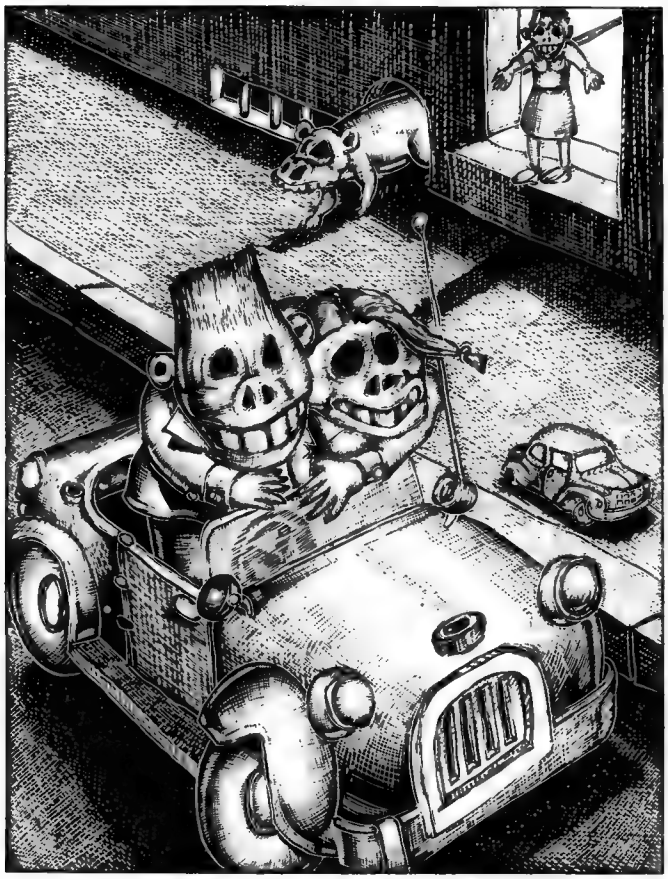


theo gets out of his car

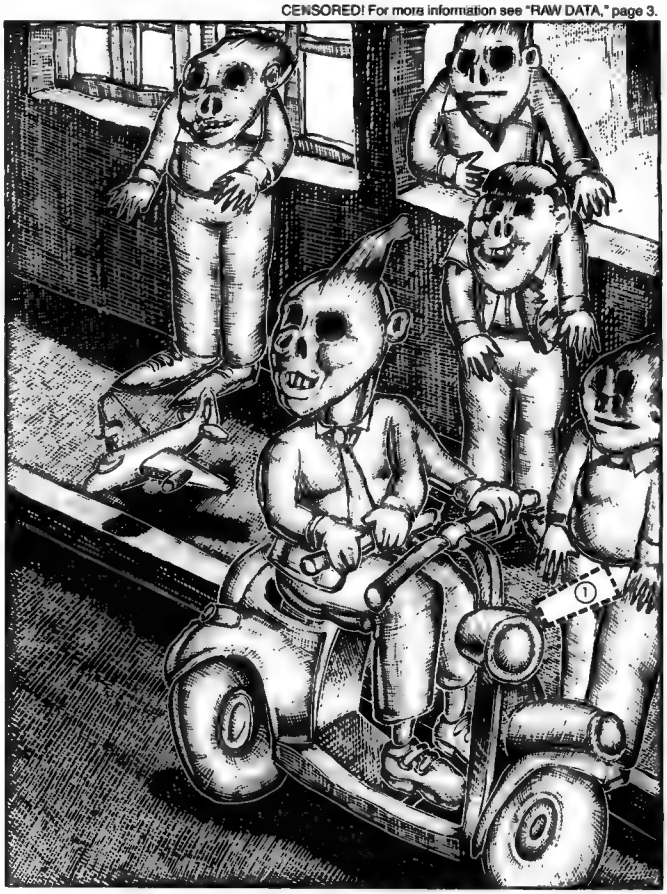
and says hello to his sweetheart

© 1983 Pascal Doury. Courtesy of Les Humanoïdes Associés, Paris. Translation by F.M. & a.s.

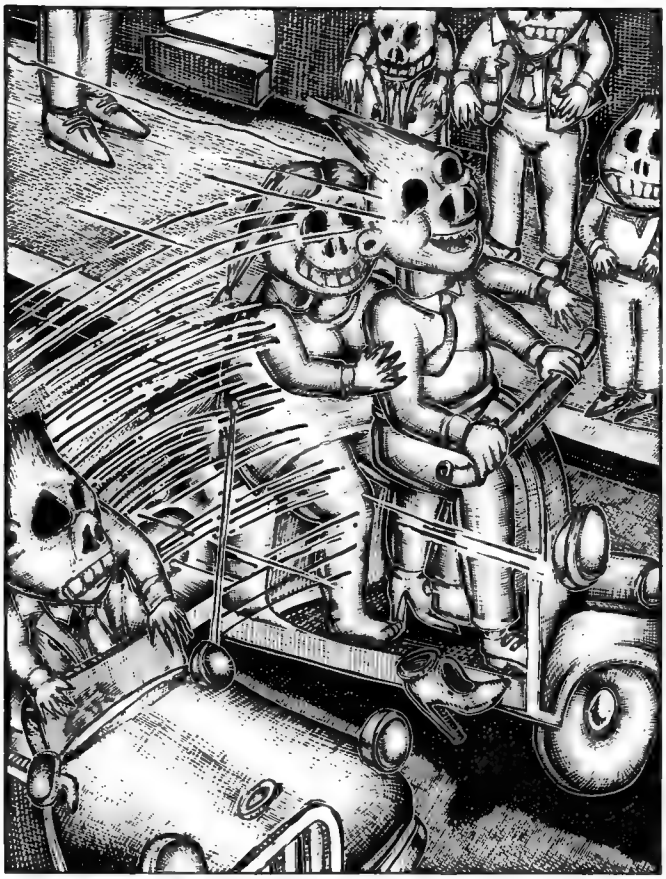
CENSORED! For more information see "RAW DATA," page 3.



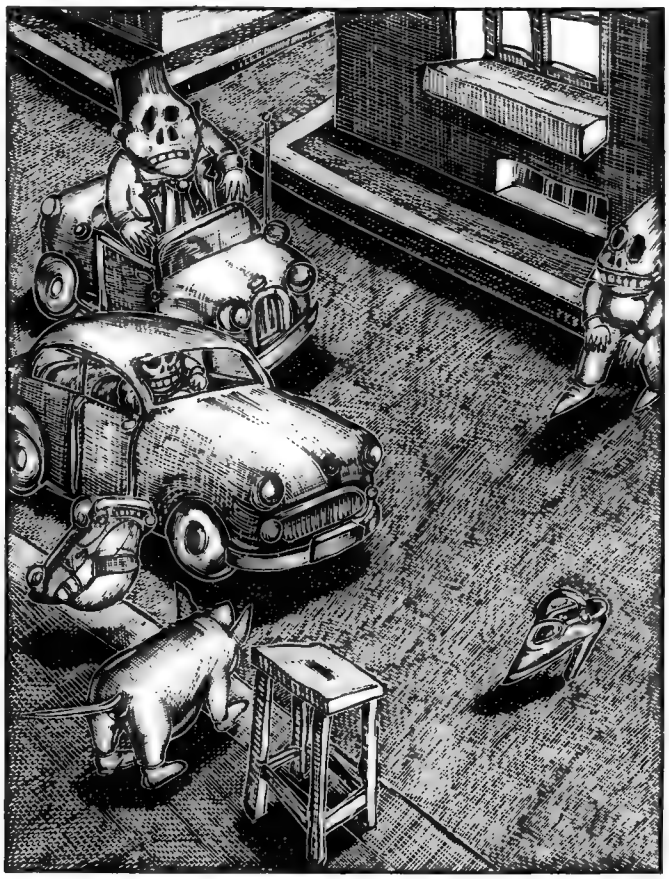
on their way to the movies



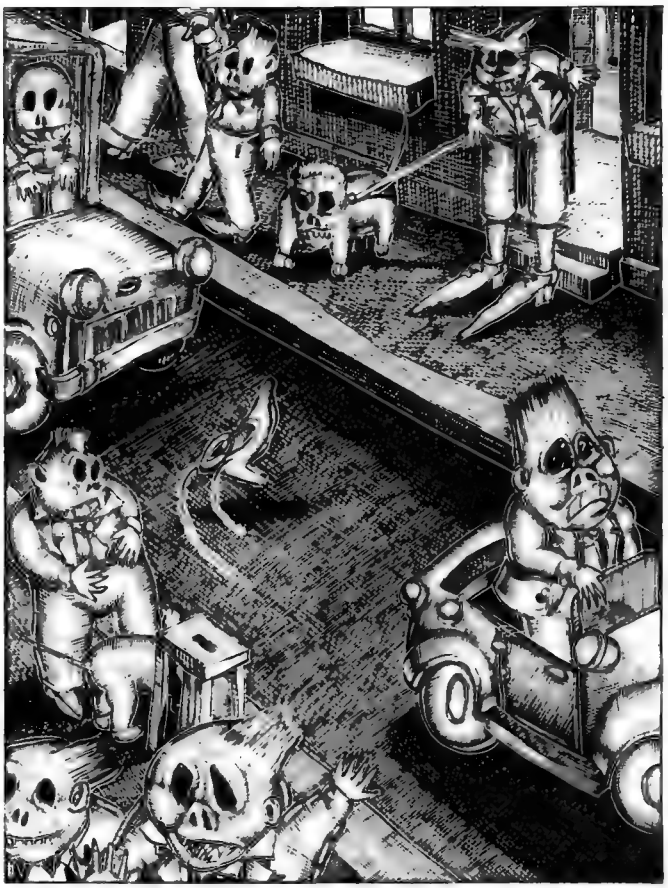
a shiny motor scooter



seduces theo's fiancee

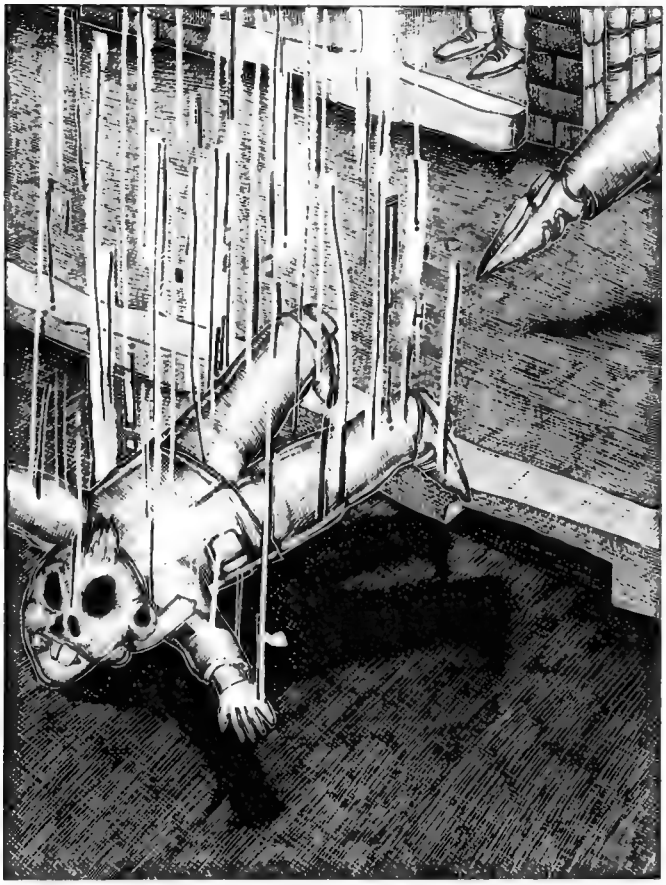


theo is left alone in his car

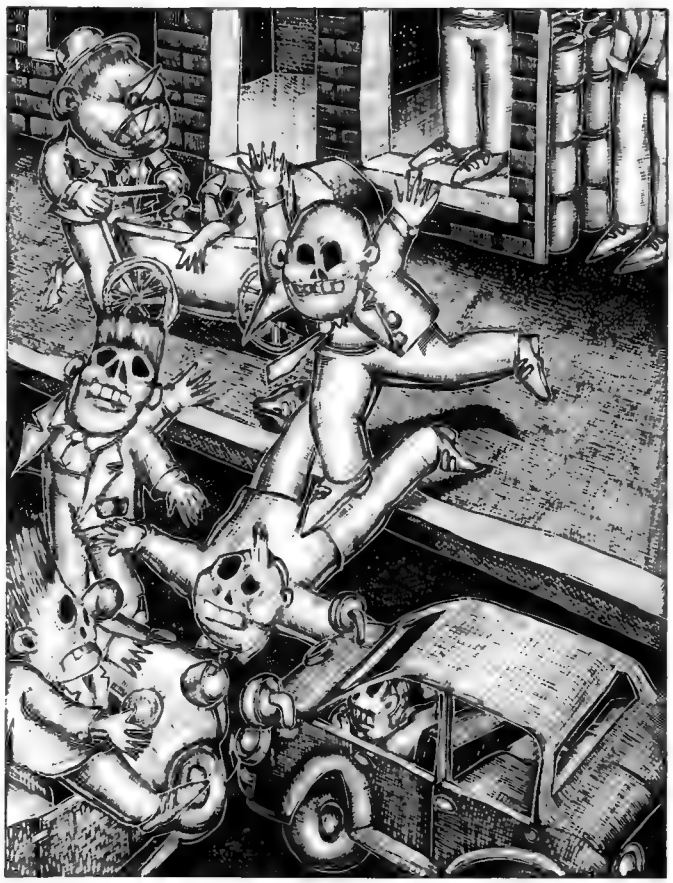


theo runs over a shoe

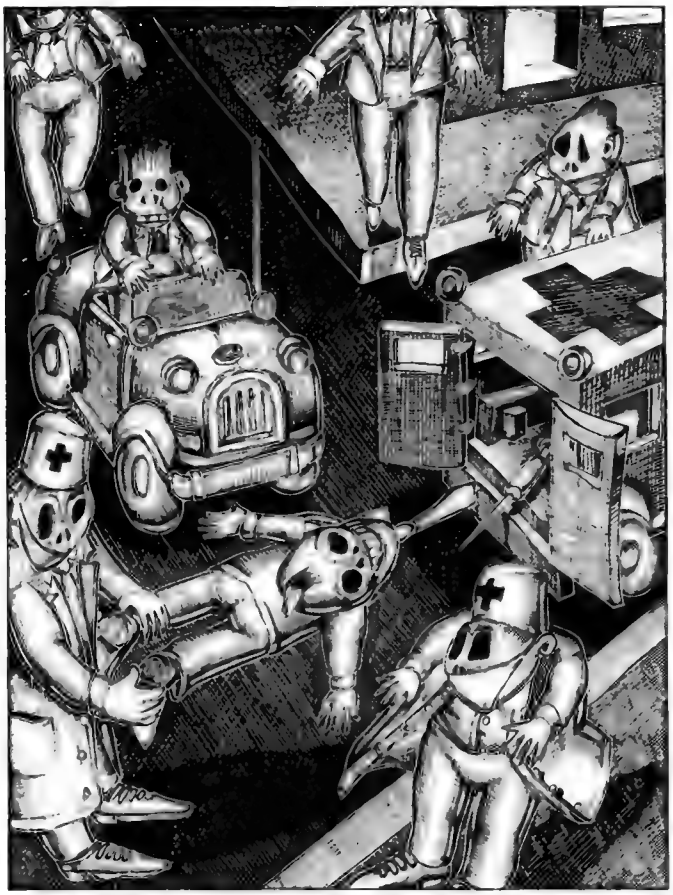
a man falls out of a window



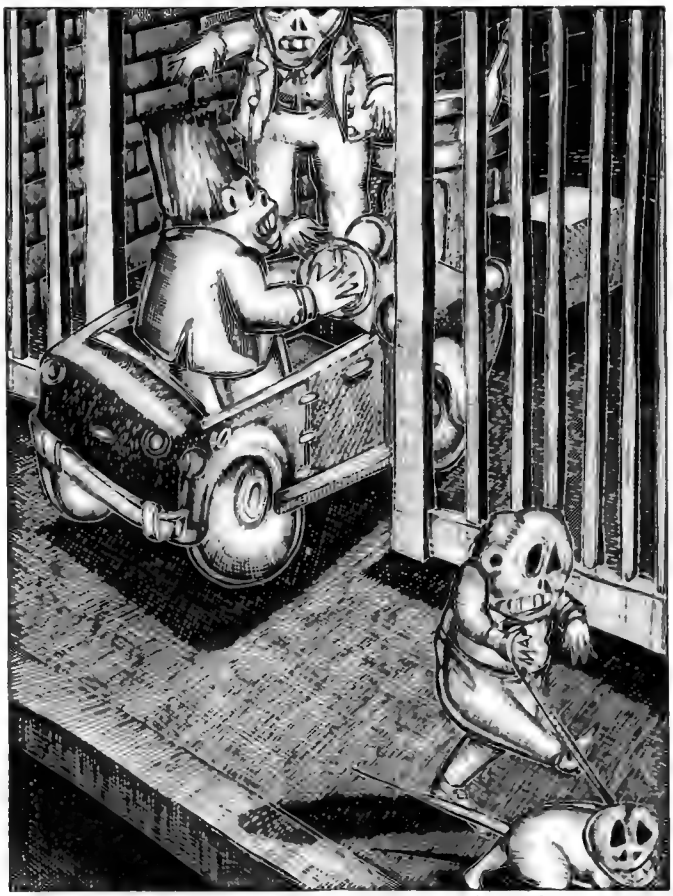
theo brakes



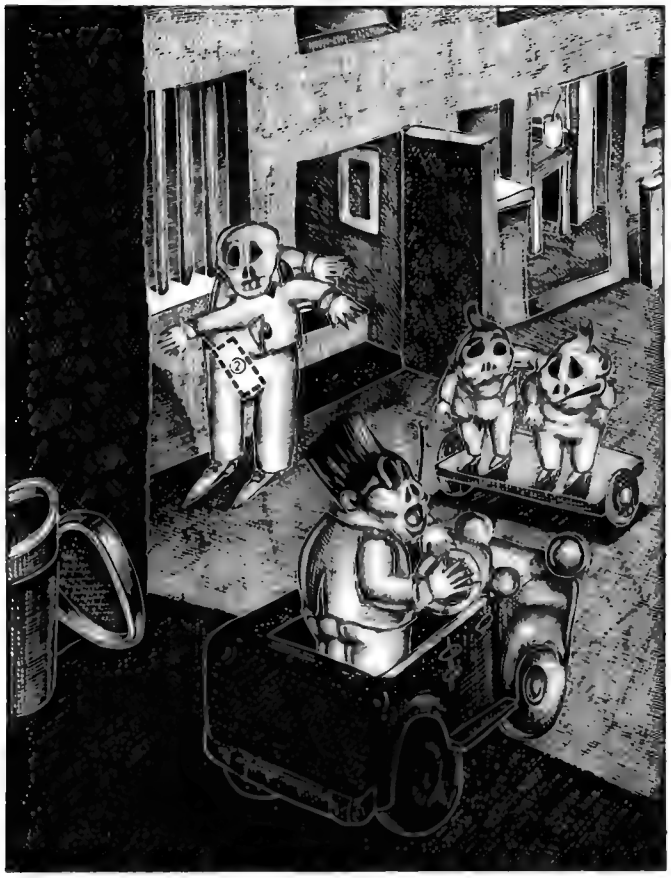
and stops right in front of the suicide



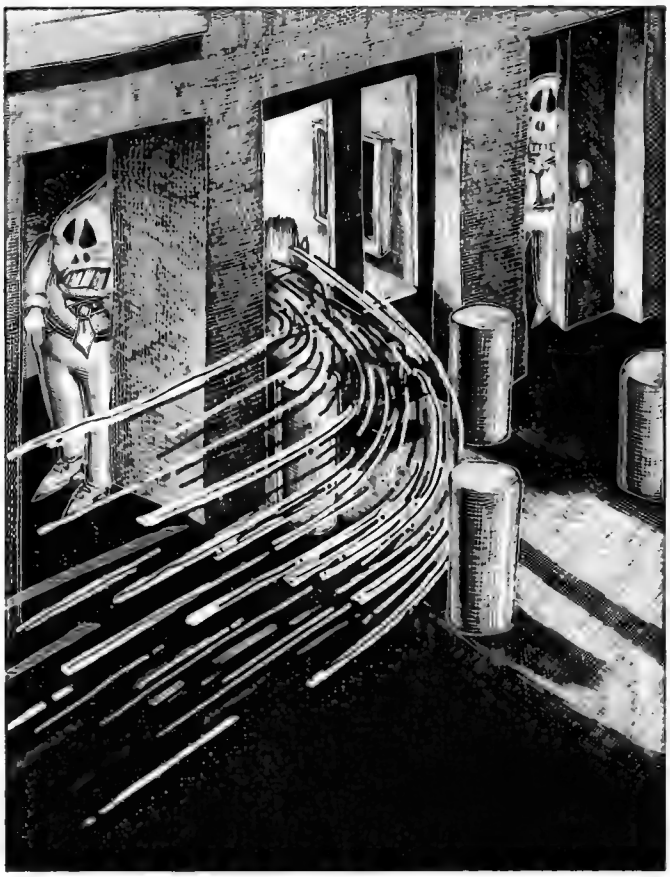
an ambulance takes the dead man away



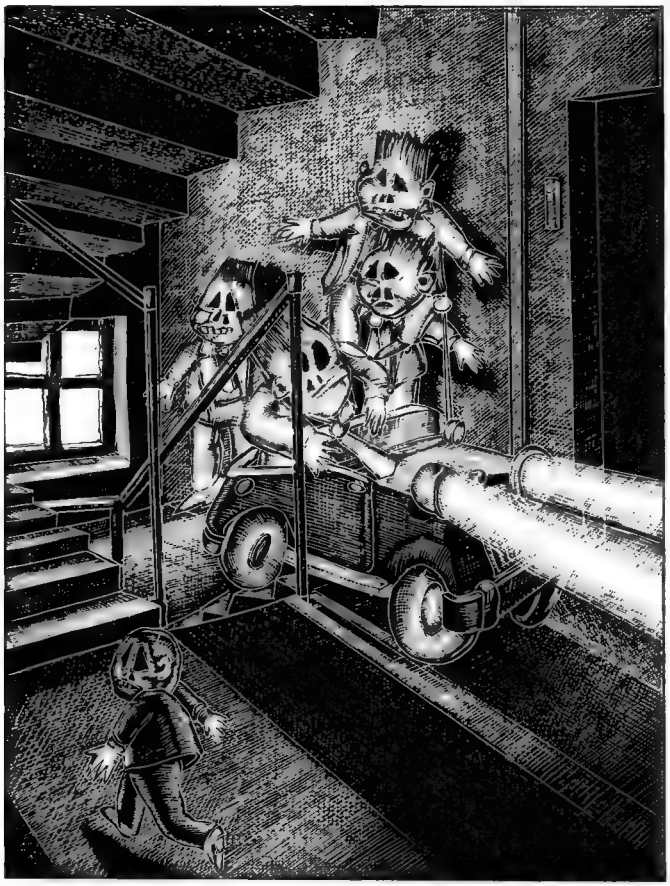
theo goes back home



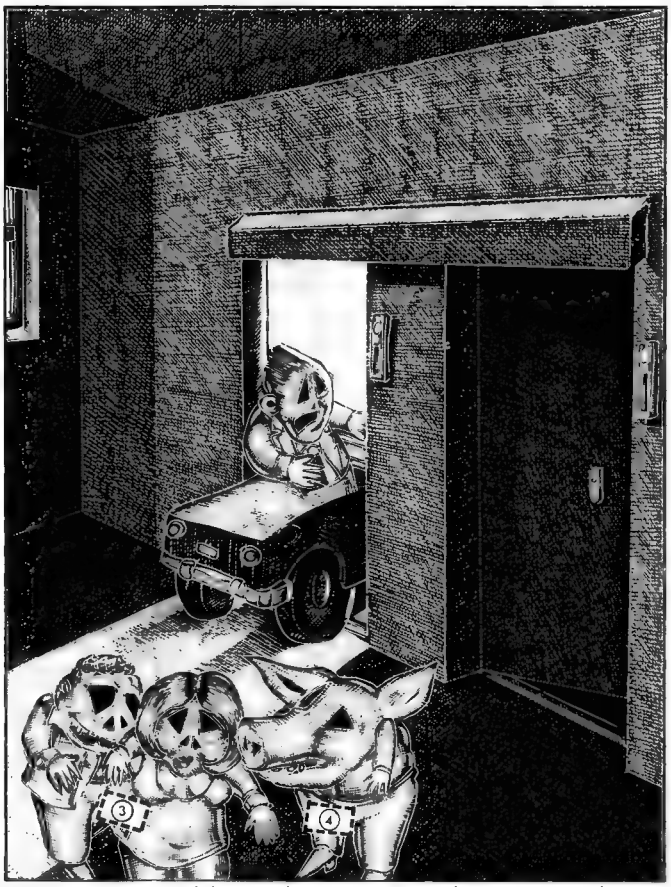
he is in the courtyard



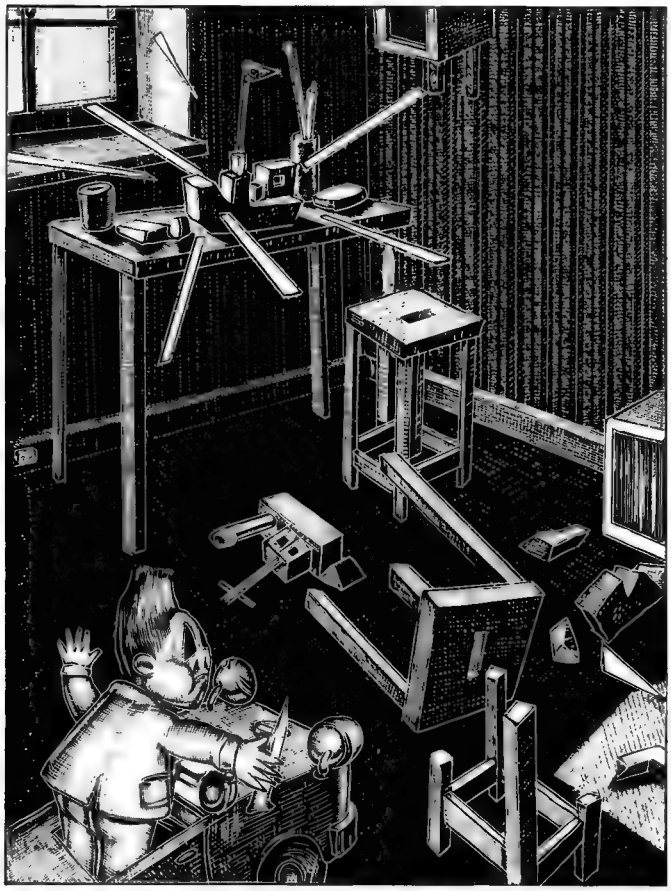
he enters his building



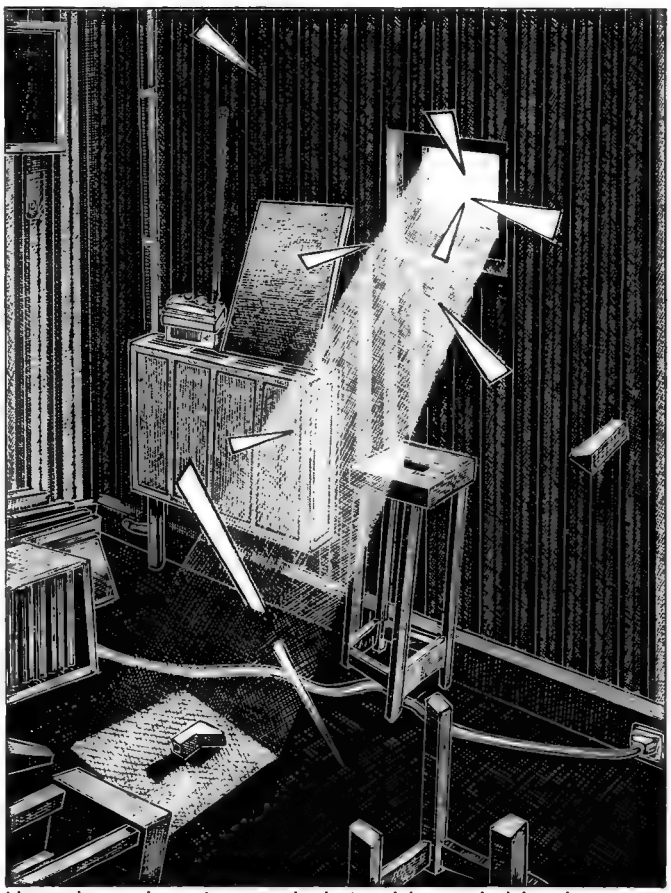
theo climbs the stairs



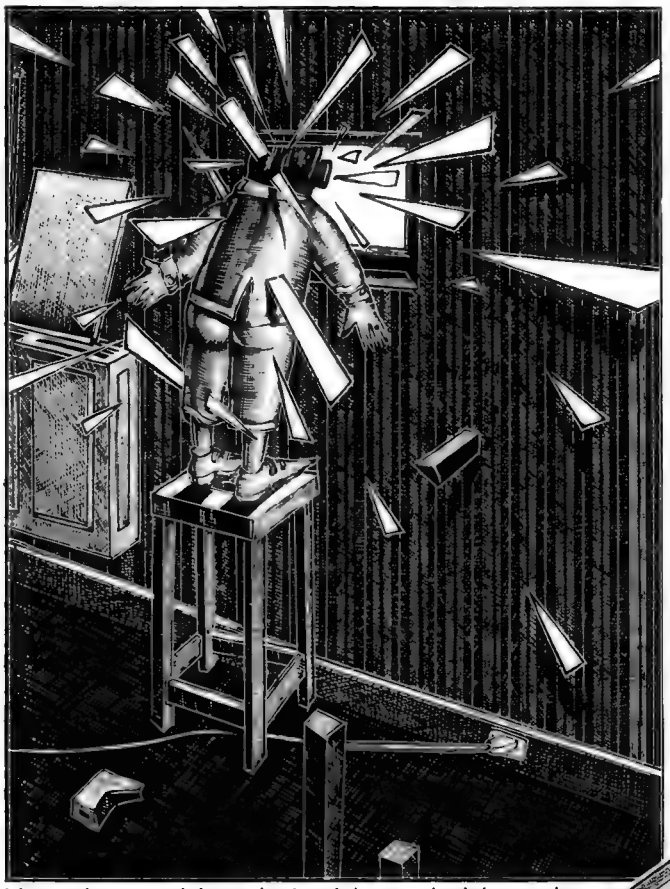
theo passes his neighbor as she comes home

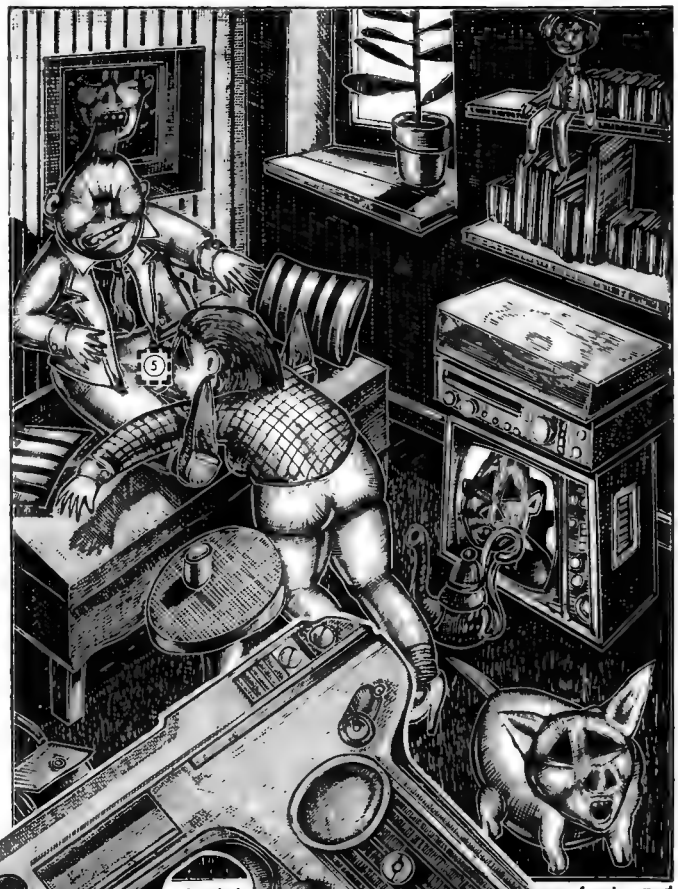


last night theo wanted to smash everything



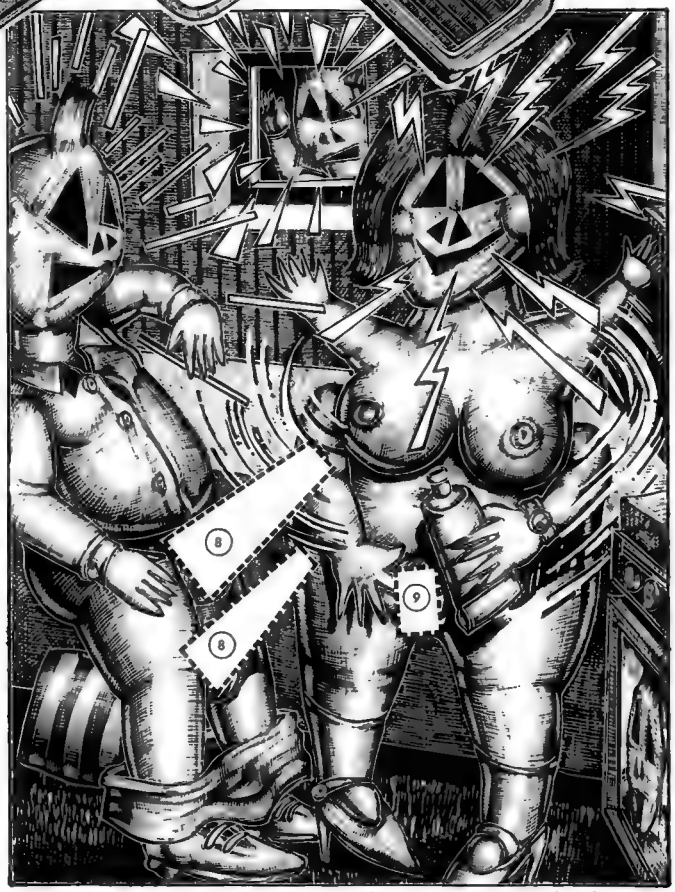
theo is going to peek into his neighbor's room



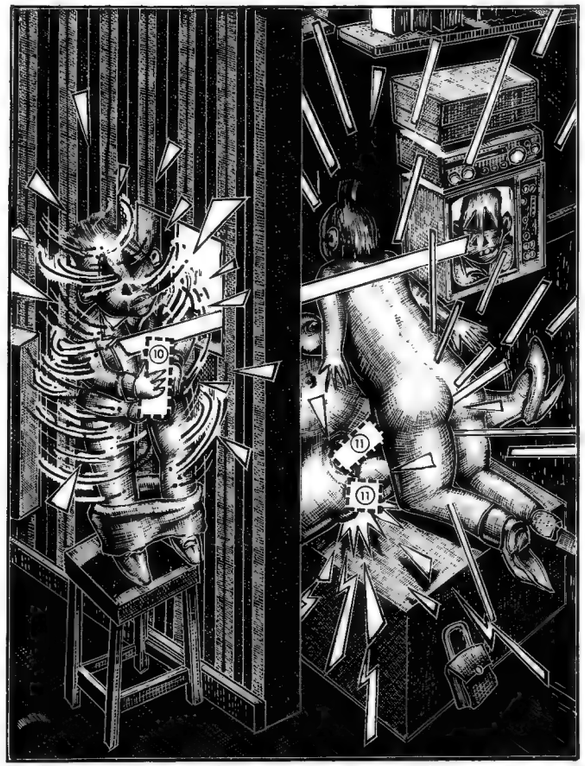


theo is peeking into his neighbour's r eighb oyfriend

are just killing time



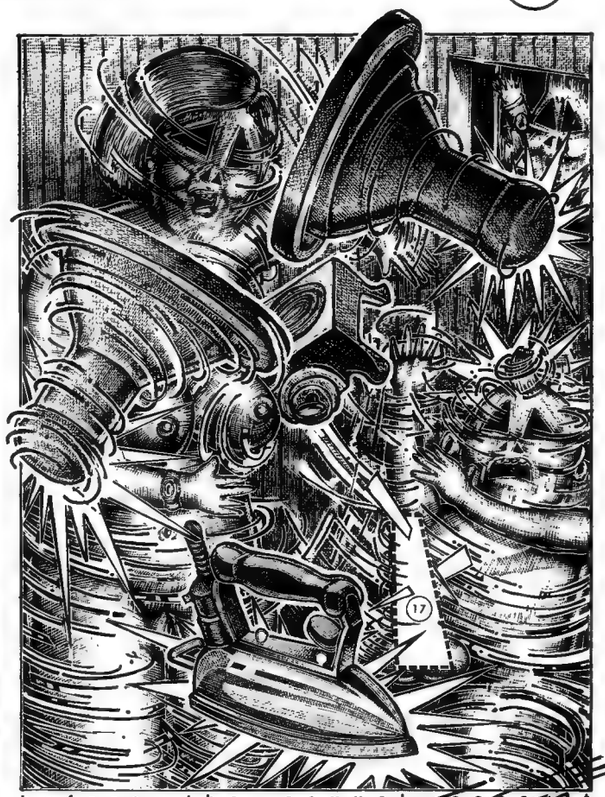
they try out various positions



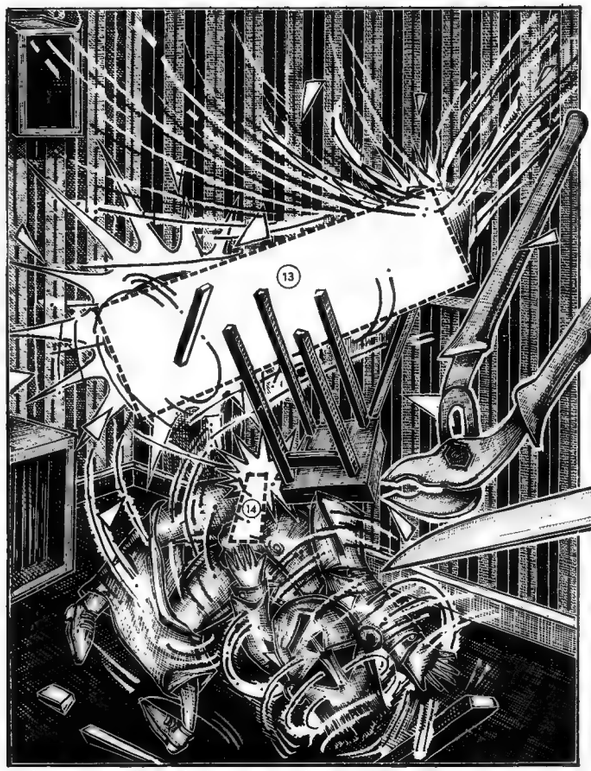
theo always hears

his neighbor and her boyfriends

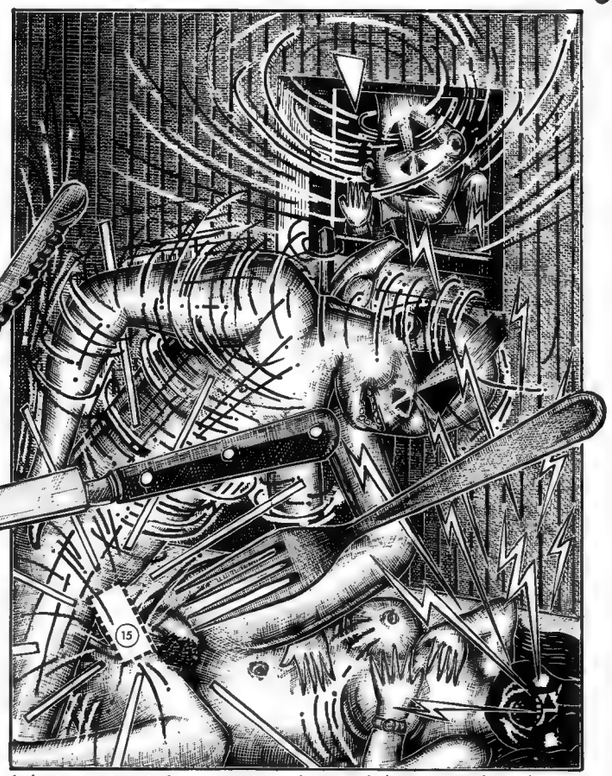
a few minutes of rest



before the sexual assault



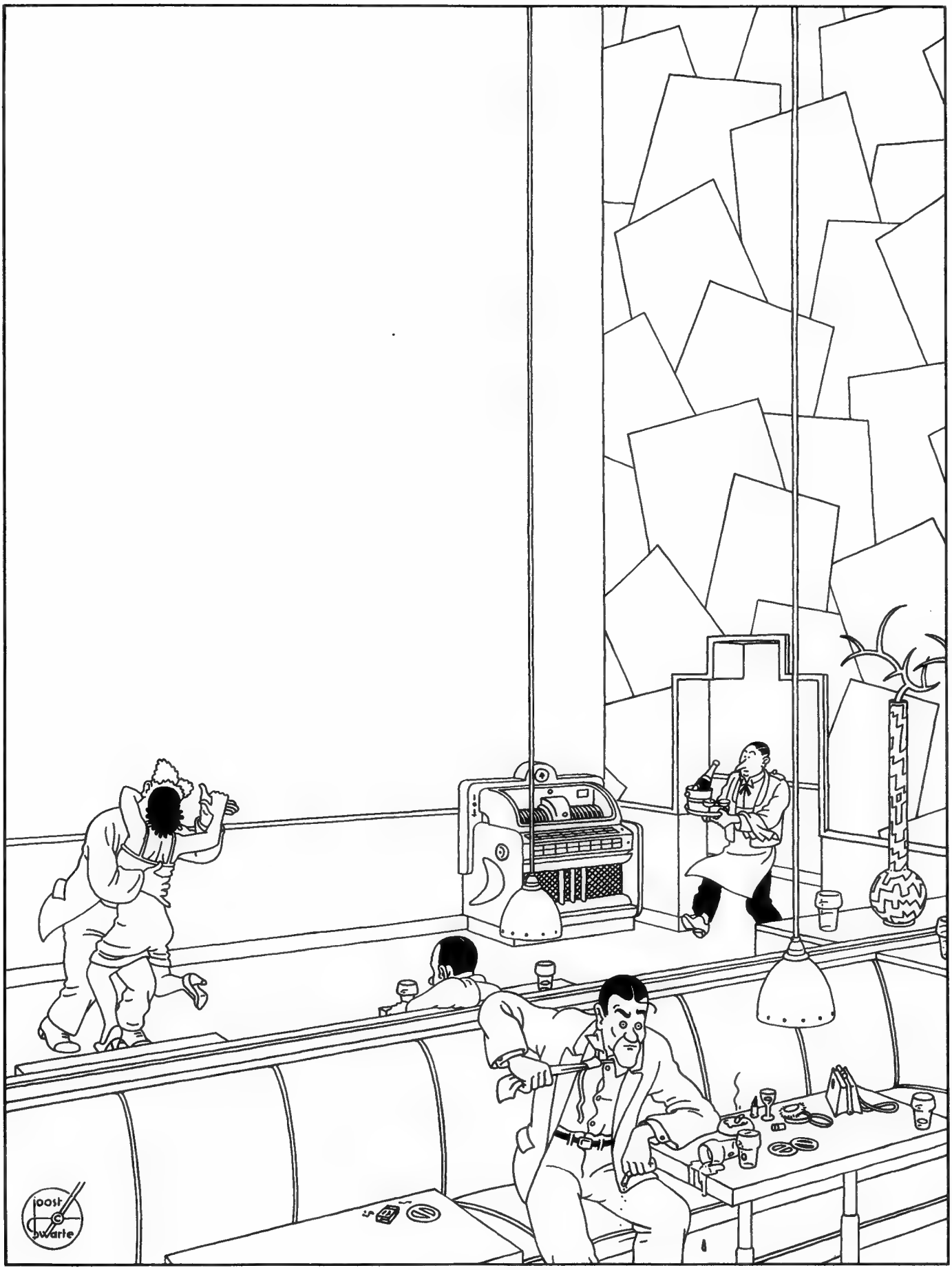
theo falls off the stool



theo returns to the window

to strangle her while she sucks him

what if she catches a child



···THE MIRROR···

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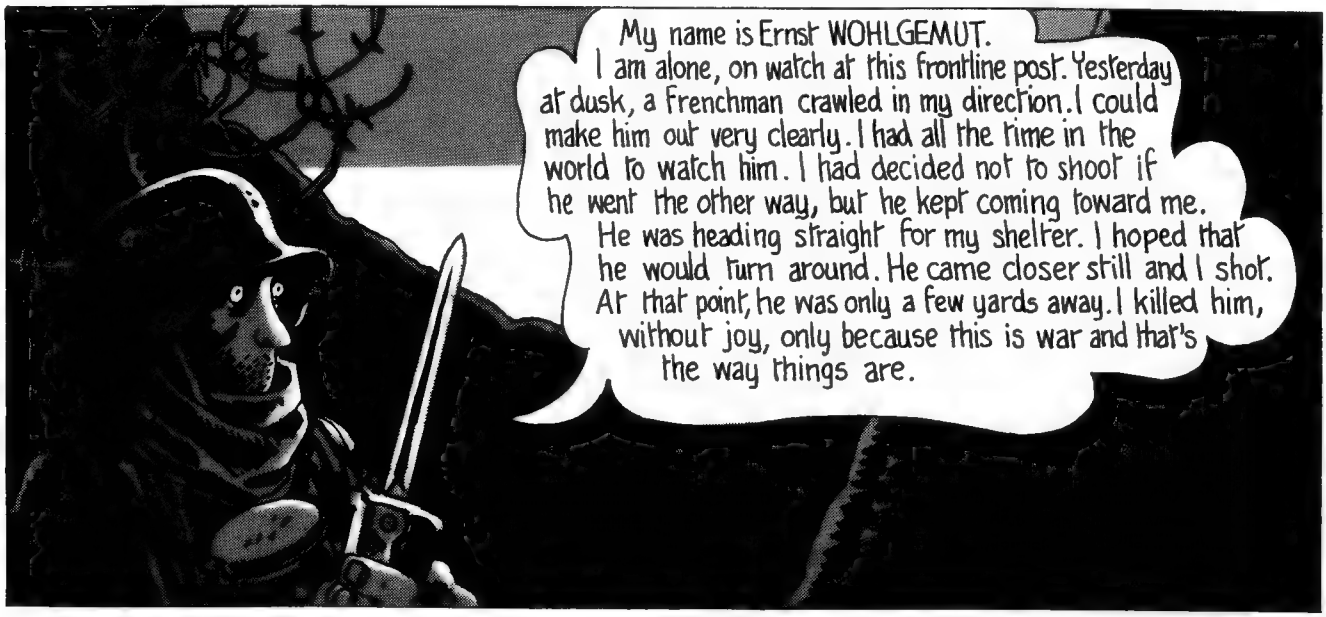
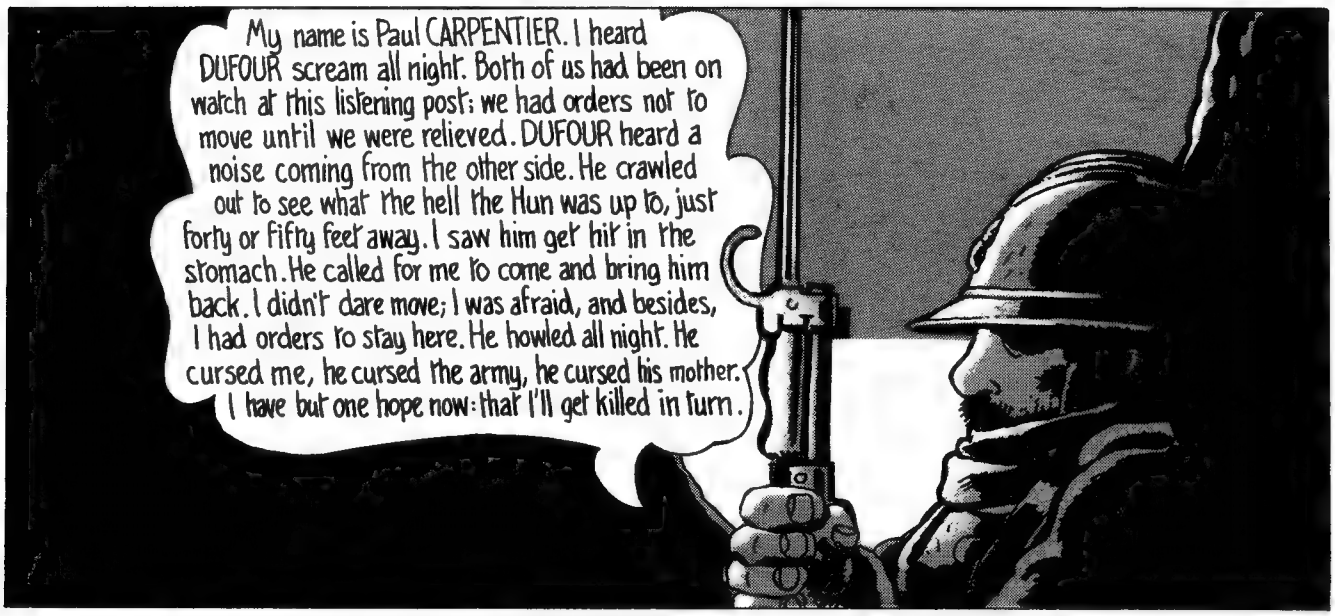
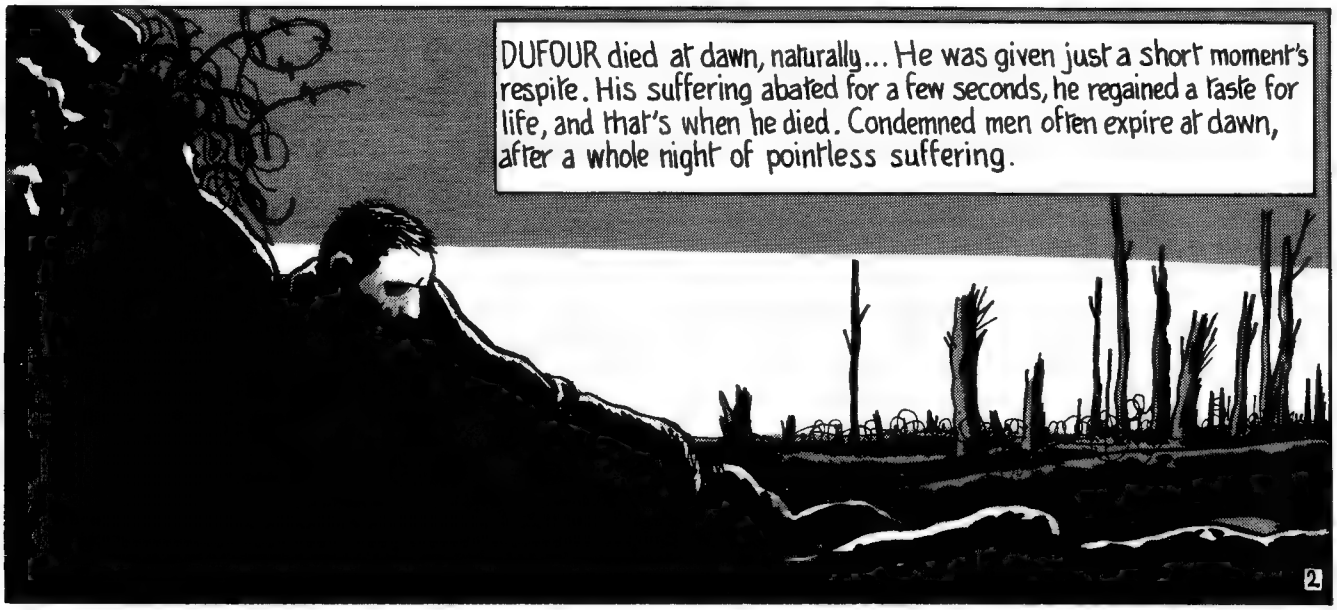
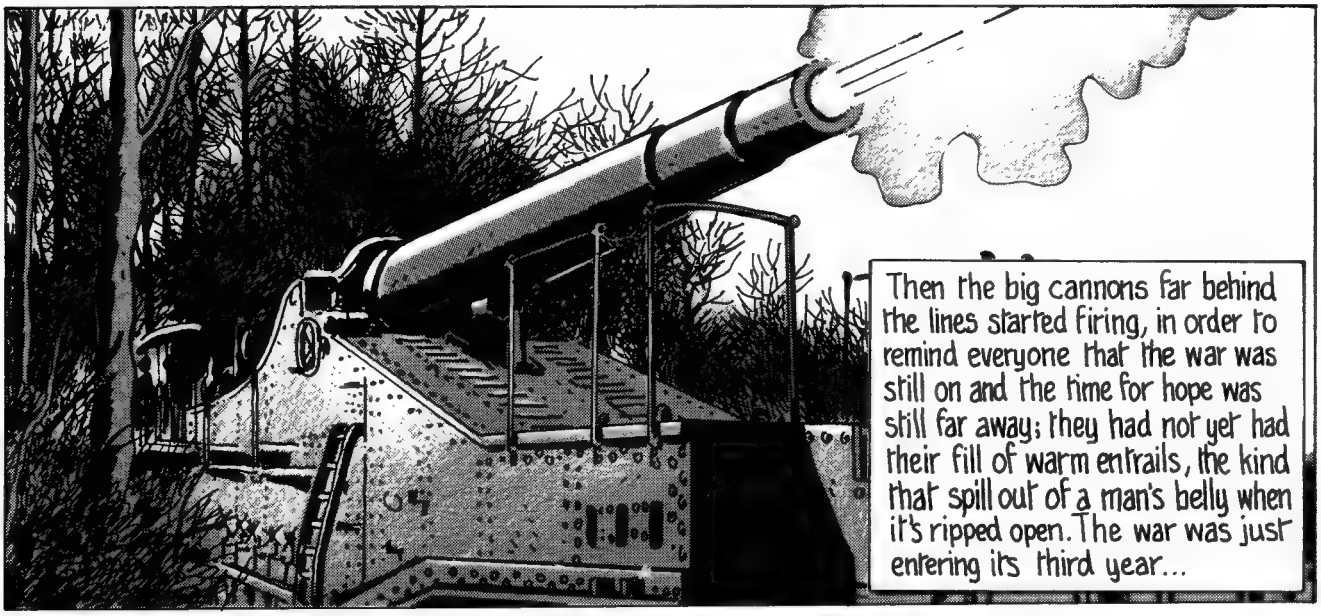
First published in the monthly magazine (A SUIVRE)


My name is Ernst WOHLGEMUT.
I am alone, on watch at this frontline post. Yesterday at dusk, a Frenchman crawled in my direction. I could make him out very clearly. I had all the time in the world to watch him. I had decided not to shoot if he went the other way, but he kept coming toward me. He was heading straight for my shelter. I hoped that he would turn around. He came closer still and I shot. At that point, he was only a few yards away. I killed him, without joy, only because this is war and that's the way things are.


My name is Paul CARPENTIER. I heard DUFOUR scream all night. Both of us had been on watch at this listening post; we had orders not to move until we were relieved. DUFOUR heard a noise coming from the other side. He crawled out to see what the hell the Hun was up to, just forty or fifty feet away. I saw him get hit in the stomach. He called for me to come and bring him back. I didn't dare move; I was afraid, and besides, I had orders to stay here. He howled all night. He cursed me, he cursed the army, he cursed his mother. I have but one hope now: that I'll get killed in turn.


DUFOUR died at dawn, naturally... He was given just a short moment's respite. His suffering abated for a few seconds, he regained a taste for life, and that's when he died. Condemned men often expire at dawn, after a whole night of pointless suffering.
2

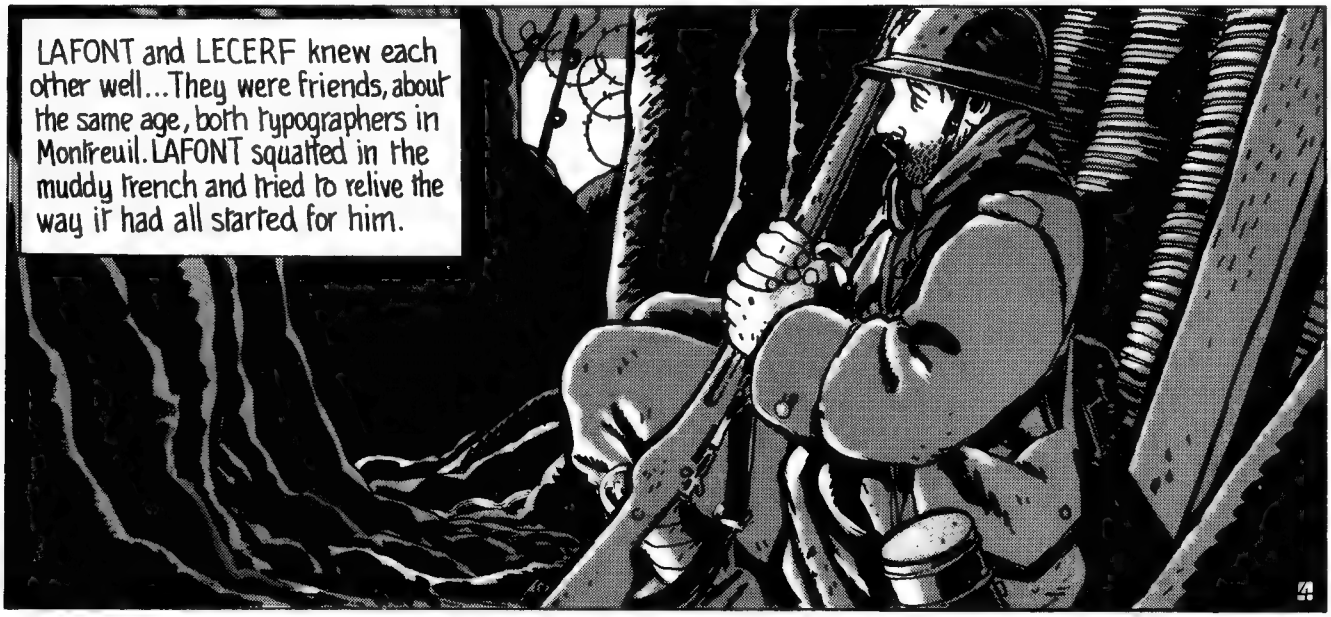

Then the big cannons far behind the lines started firing, in order to remind everyone that the war was still on and the time for hope was still far away; they had not yet had their fill of warm entrails, the kind that spill out of a man's belly when it's ripped open. The war was just entering its third year...

November 25, 1916...

Corporal LECERF had been sent out between the lines to inspect the network of barbed wire...

LECERF advanced warily into no man's land. The sector was calm that day...

His comrades from the platoon heard the shot and saw him go down.


LAFONT and LECERF knew each other well... They were friends, about the same age, both typographers in Montreuil. LAFONT squatted in the muddy trench and tried to relive the way it had all started for him.

It had been a hot and muggy day. Alarming rumors were flying around — rumors of a possible war back East... This assassination business: the murder of the Archduke, one month ago, at Sarajevo. Everything might have continued as before, but this was August 2, 1914...a Sunday.

On the street, some people had gathered at the foot of a wall. They were speaking excitedly to each other. There was a recently posted announcement on the wall. People were gesturing, calling to one another, commenting on the poster.

Suddenly, the world crumbled around me.

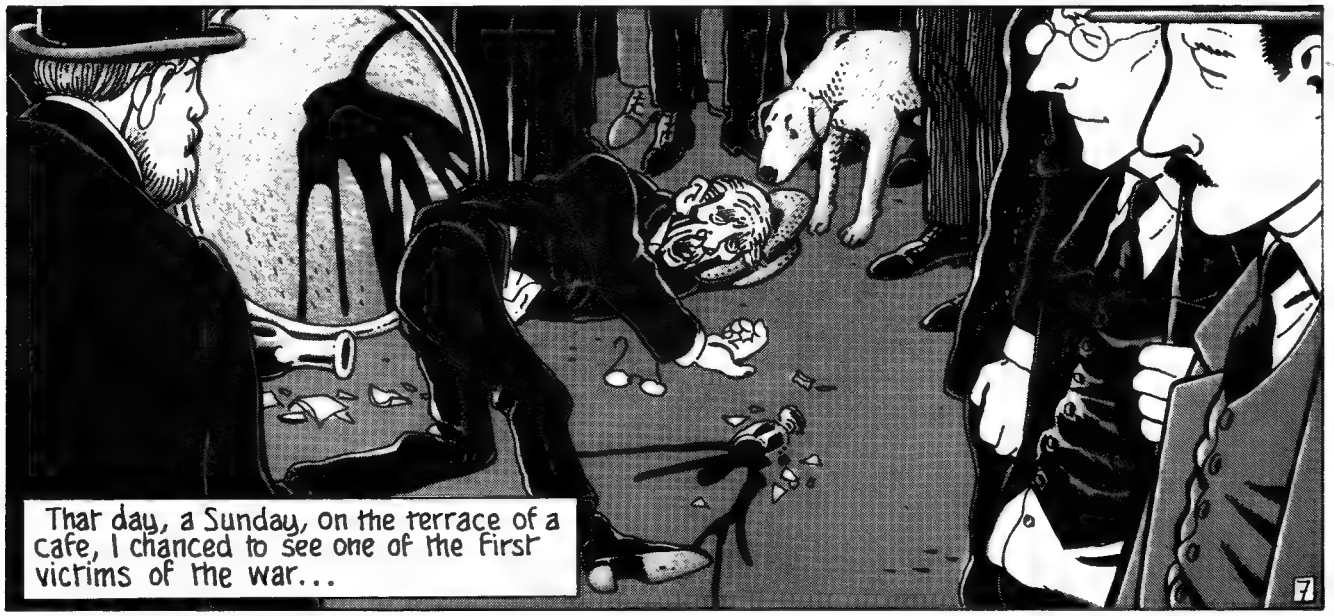
The poster spoke of the greatest scourge man had ever created for himself: WAR. However, the crowd was anything but distraught: made up of people who usually despised each other, it was now united in a communion of joy and hatred. Hatred for the Germans, hatred for the Huns they were going to crush with ease.

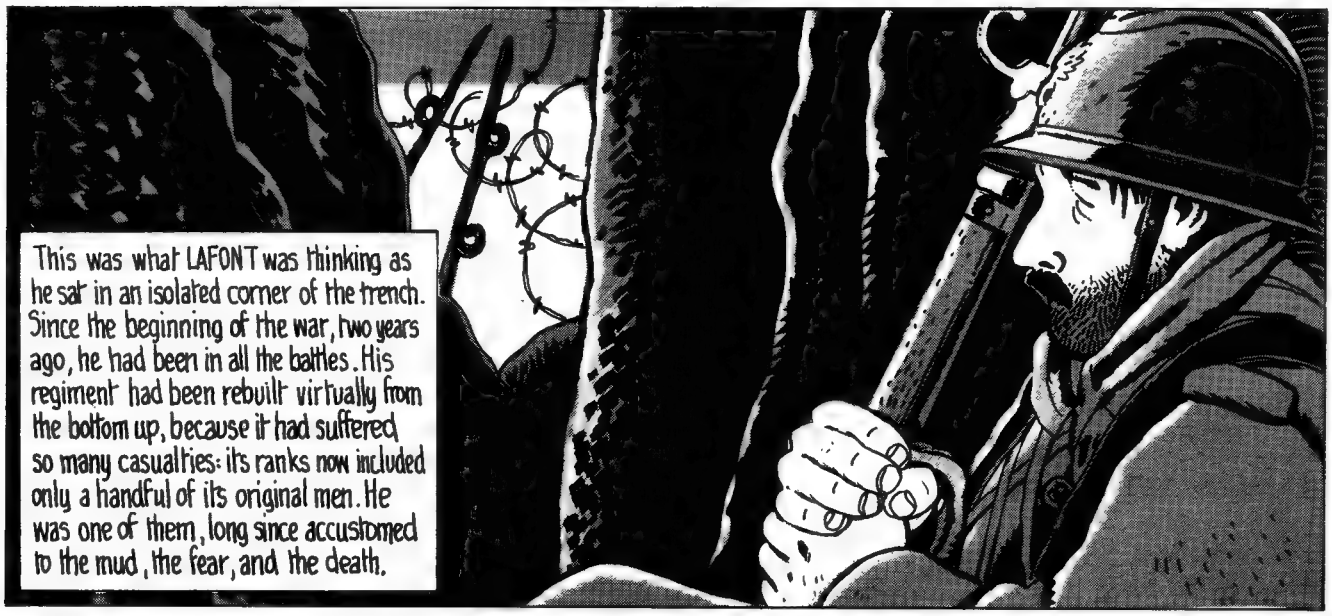
WAR! Within a week, twenty million men had dropped everything to go kill other men. Some of them were told: it's time for revenge, TO BERLIN! The others were told: NACH PARIS! And from the civil servant to the factory worker, they all left with the conviction that they were going to cover themselves with glory and enjoy a vacation. Within a week, the Germans, the Austrians, the British, the Belgians, the Russians, the Italians, the Turks, and the French had all gone off to war.

"Men are sheep. Which makes possible armies and wars. They die, victims of their own stupid docility." (Gabriel CHEVALIER, LA PEUR [FEAR])

A band in a sidewalk cafe struck up La Marseillaise. In a common burst of patriotism, the patrons rose to their feet and intoned the national anthem. Only one old man did not deign to get up. Why? Did he not share the enthusiasm of the moment? Was he the only rational person in the room? Did he recall past defeats?

They called the old man a spy bought off by the Germans, a traitor, a Hun.


That day, a Sunday, on the terrace of a cafe, I chanced to see one of the first victims of the war...


This was what LAFONT was thinking as he sat in an isolated corner of the trench. Since the beginning of the war, two years ago, he had been in all the battles. His regiment had been rebuilt virtually from the bottom up, because it had suffered so many casualties: its ranks now included only a handful of its original men. He was one of them, long since accustomed to the mud, the fear, and the death.

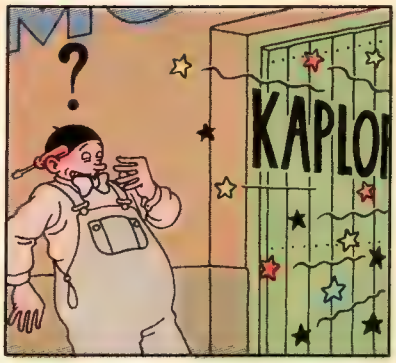
A shell exploded, not far from where he crouched, alone with his thoughts.

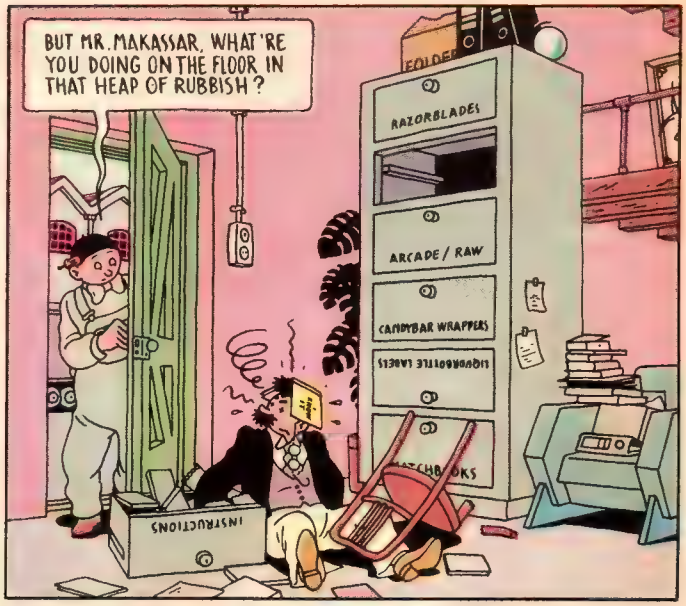
Private LAFONT died on November 25, 1916.

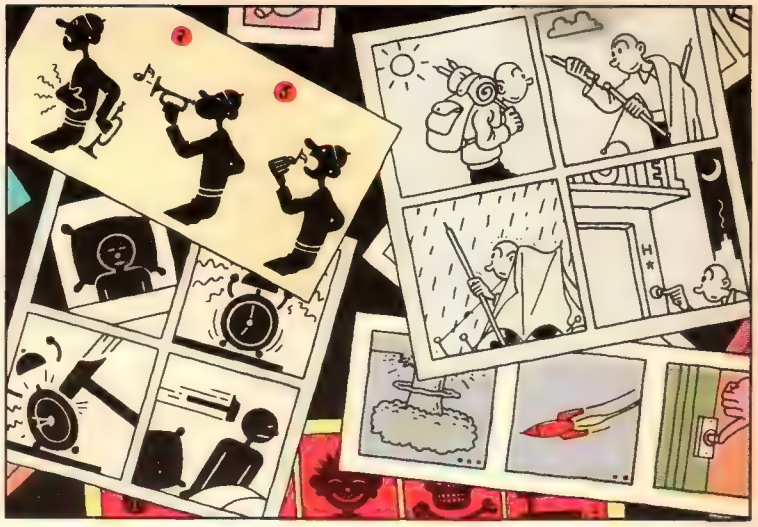
THE RAW COMIC SUPPLEMENT

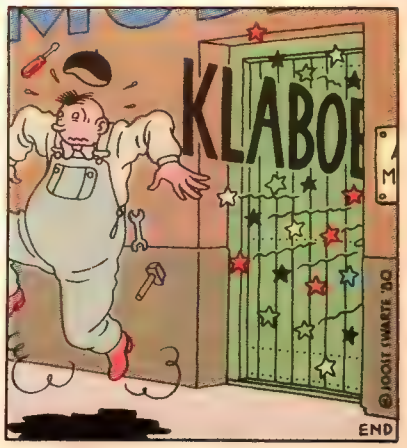
HANDY

WITH PIERRE VAN GENDEREN AND ANTON MAKASSAR

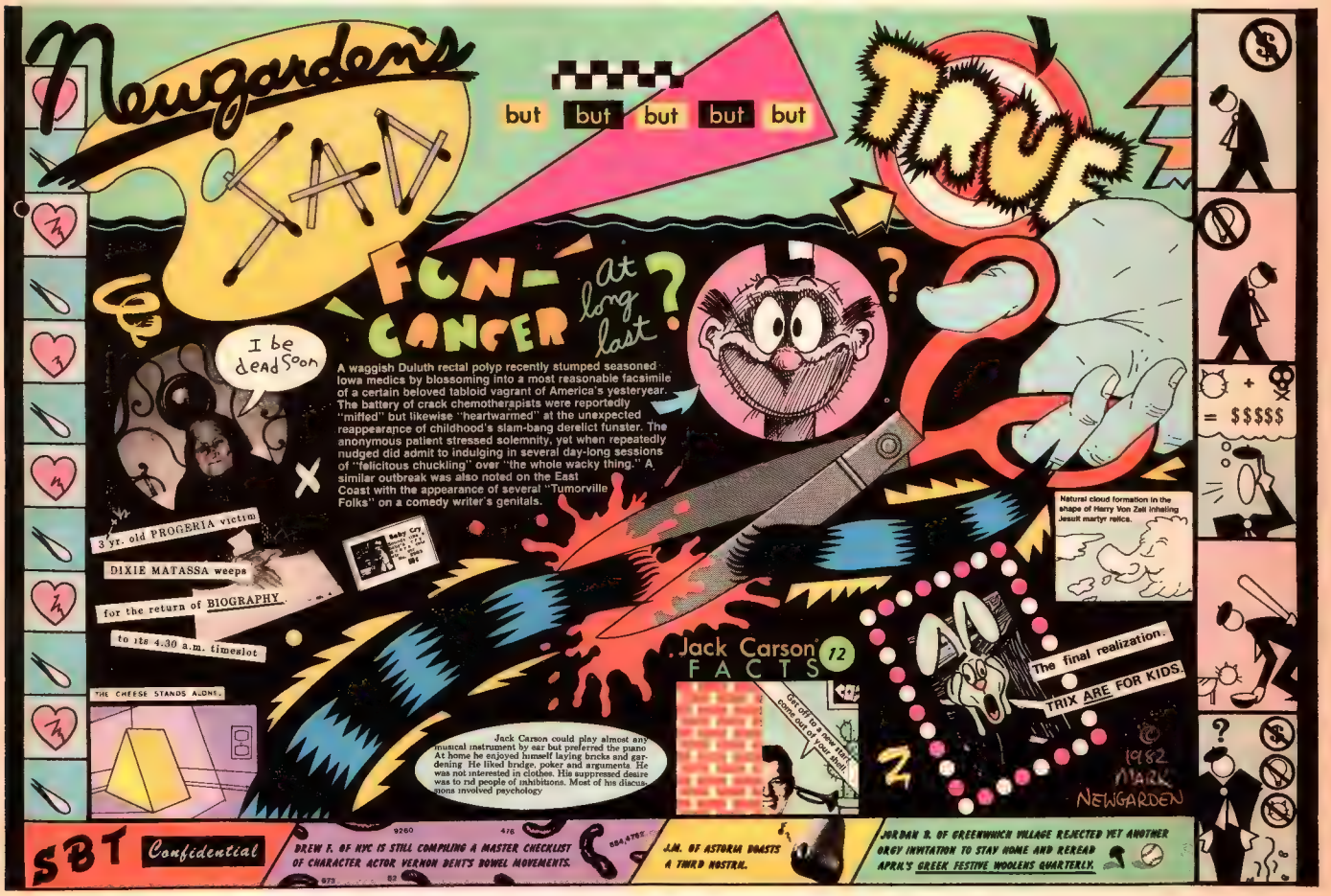


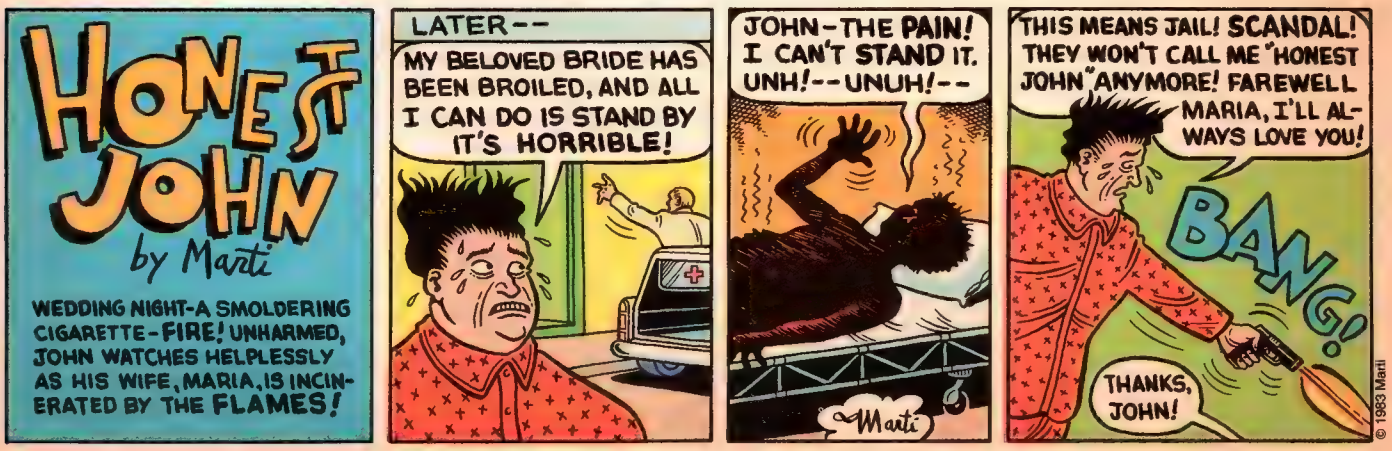




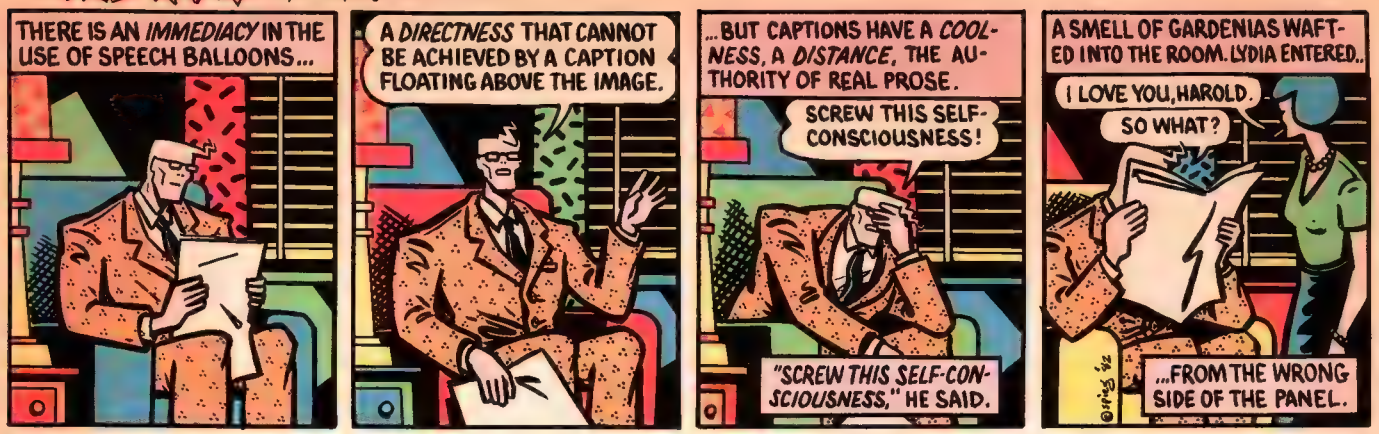


BODY OF A MAN . . . HEART OF A DOG . . .

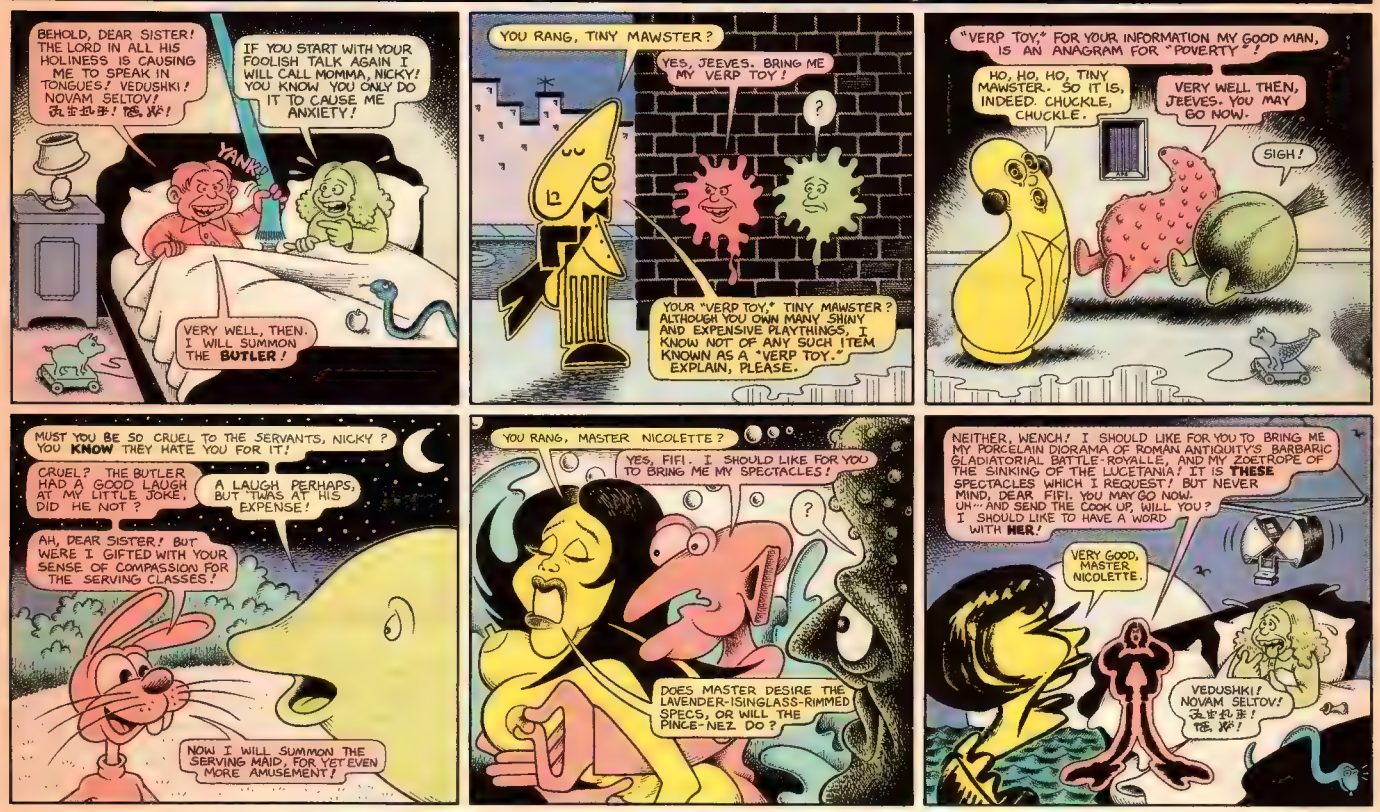


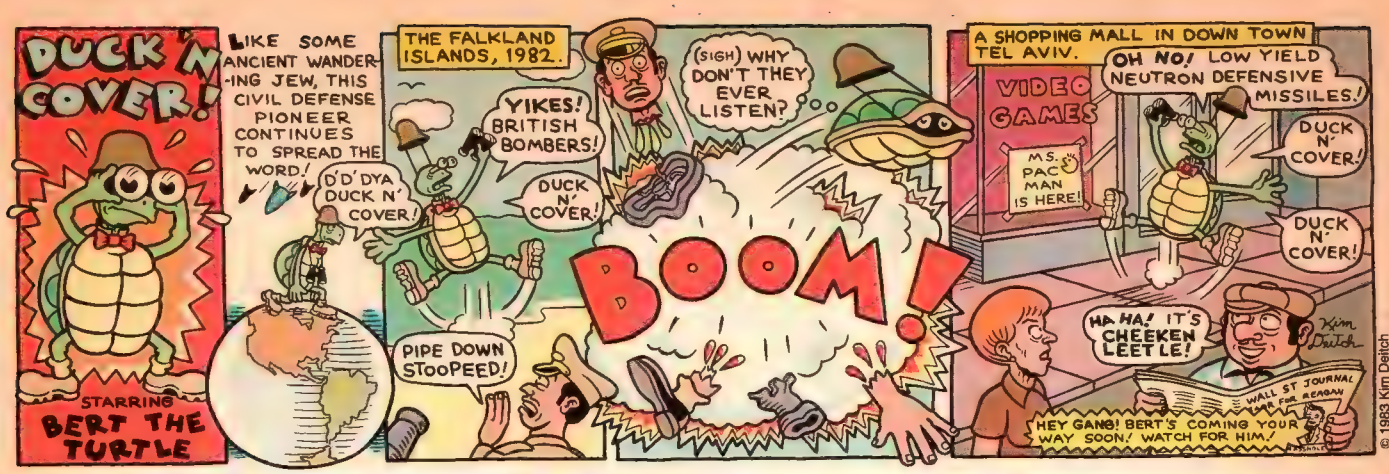


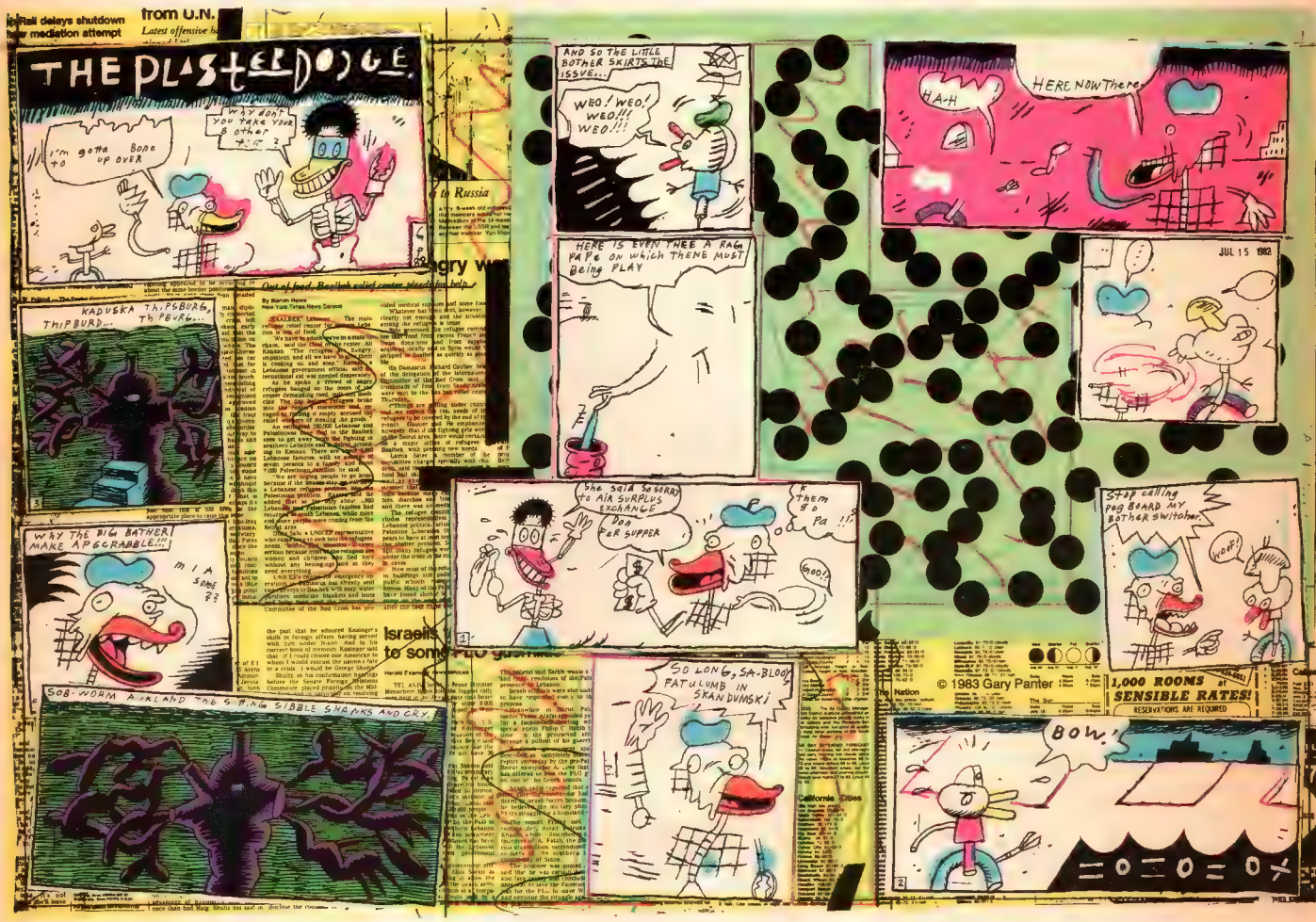
ONE ROW by art spiegelman



THE GOODNIGHT·KIDS by Jay Lynch

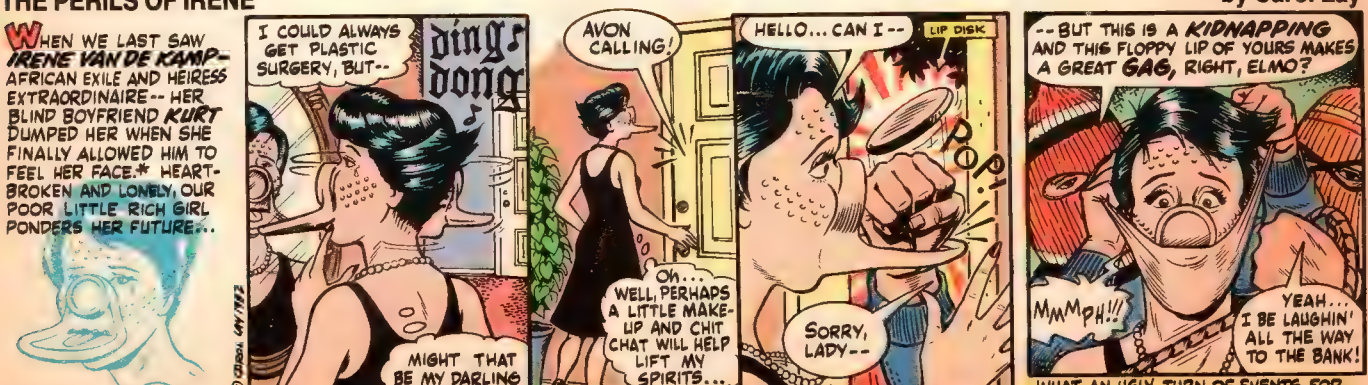




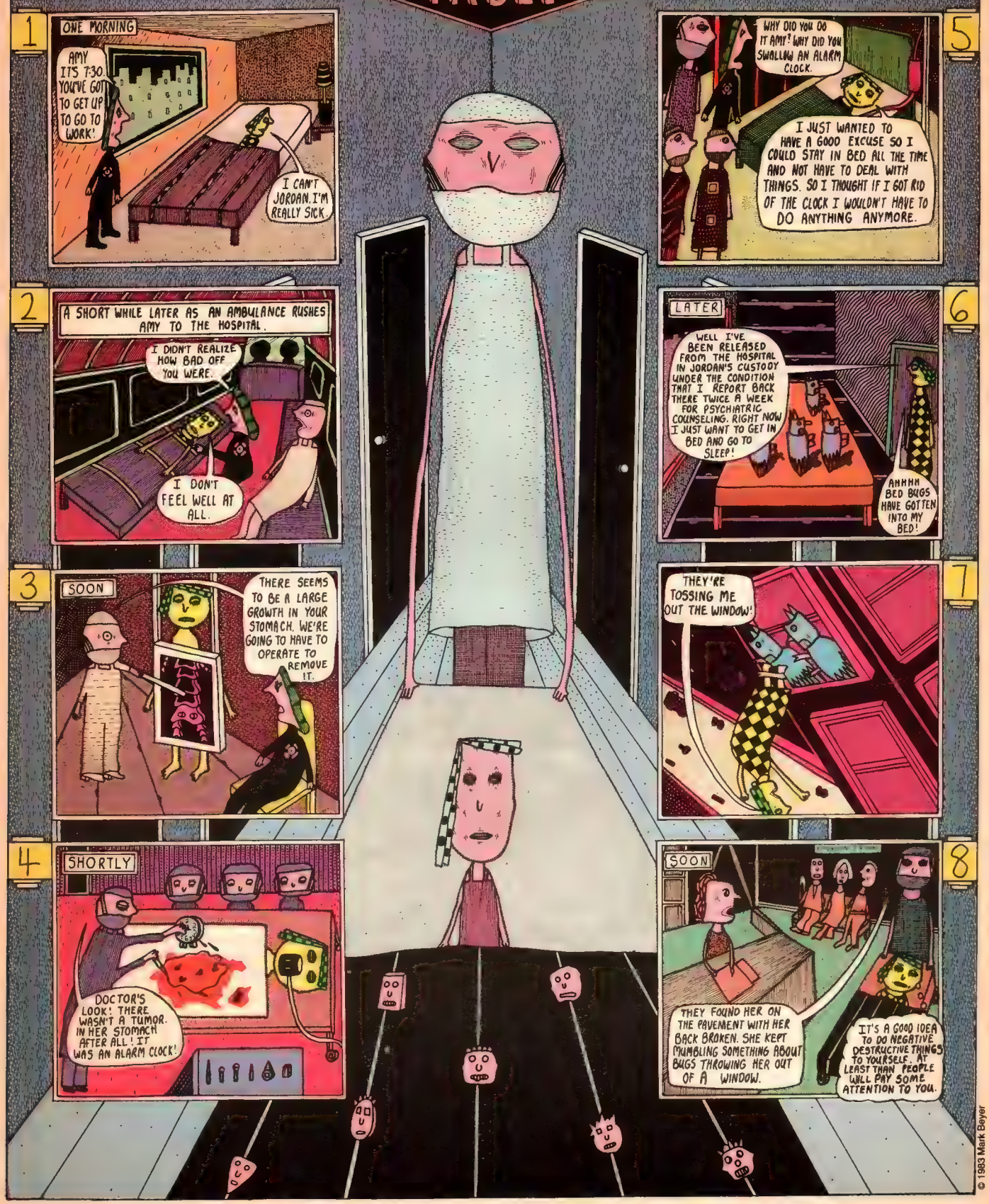


THE PERILS OF IRENE

by Carol Lay

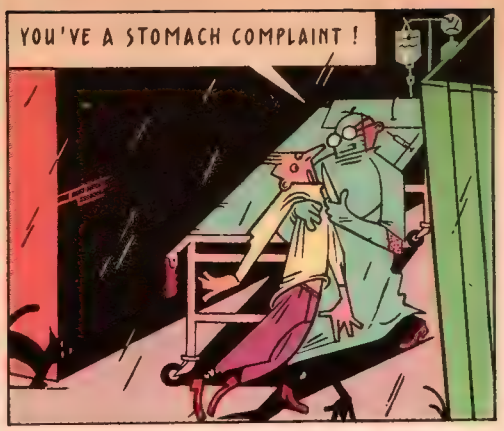


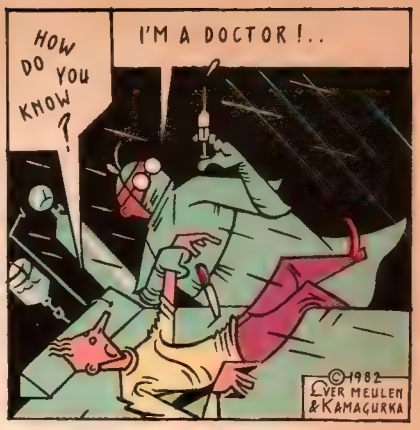
ON THE OPERATING TABLE



© 1983 Mark Beyer

DIPPY DOC by [illegible] & K

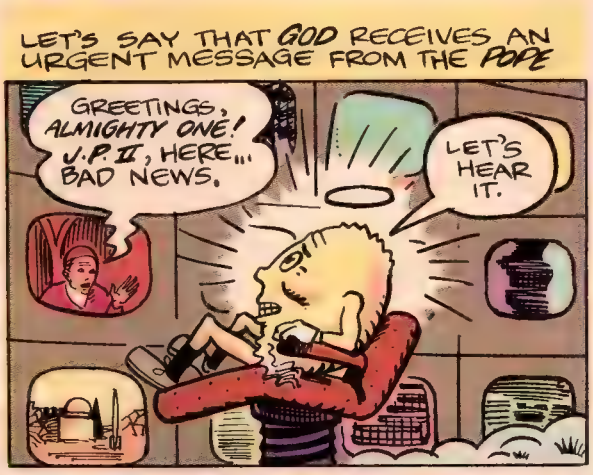


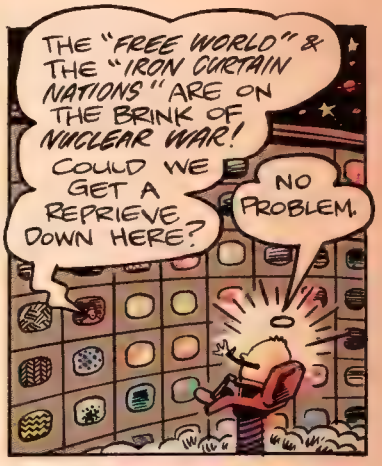


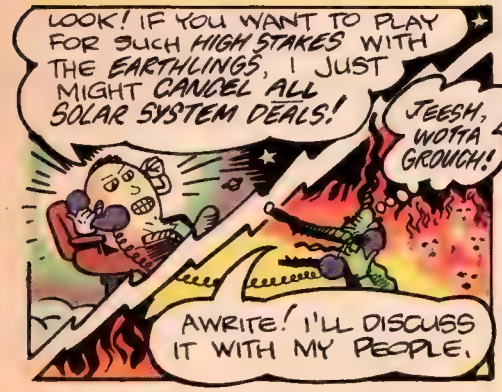
Babel PLAYHOUSE

© JUSTIN GREEN '82

"NEGOTIATIONS PRIOR TO THE LAST JUDGEMENT"

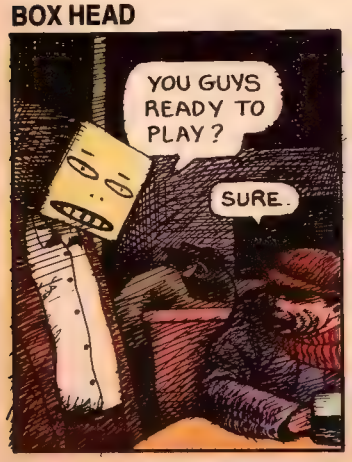






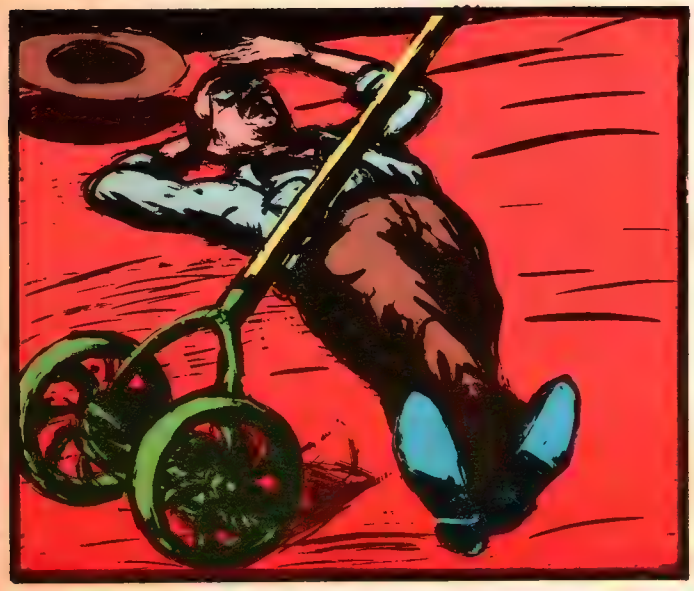
BOX HEAD

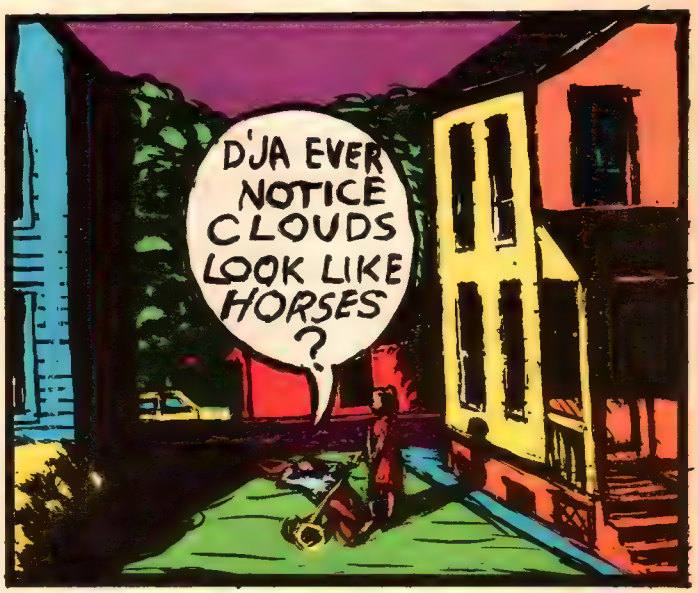
by Jayr Pulga



© 1983 Jayr Pulga

Jack survives



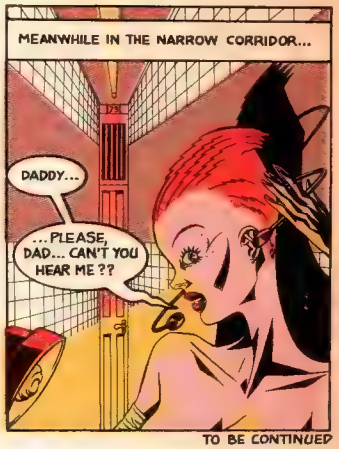


TANGO...

© 1983 José Muñoz

Roughly translated from the Argentine:

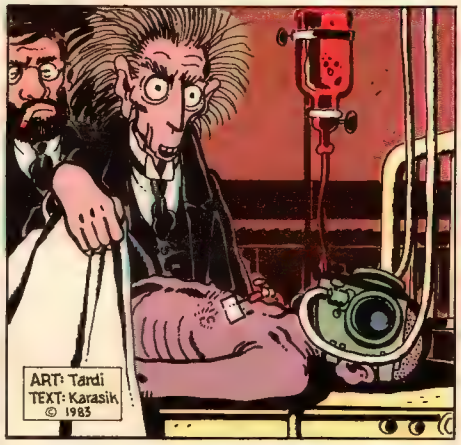
1. The afternoon is drunk with the smell of cheap cola, talcum powder and vaseline.
2. My God! There she is, Porota, there she is!!
3. Feeling her lips kiss me with a knowing kiss. Aroused, feeling desire when I see her eyes filled with hungry passion . . .
4. (. . . uh . . .)
5. and so I'm smoking my dreams . . .
6. The above mentioned, without any shame, abandons herself to the slimy caress of the tango . . .

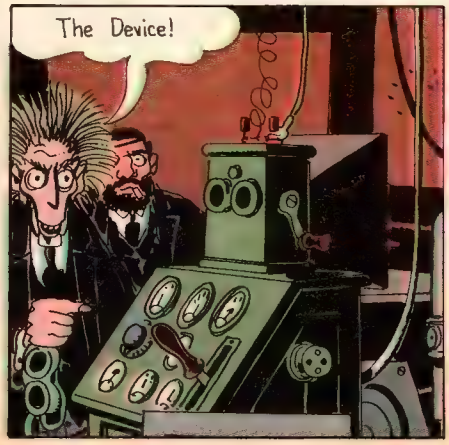


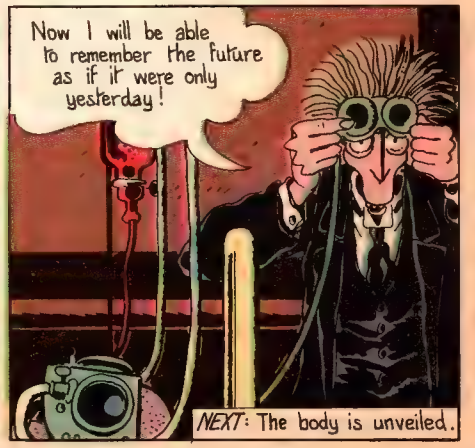
TO BE CONTINUED

DR. M'ABUSE

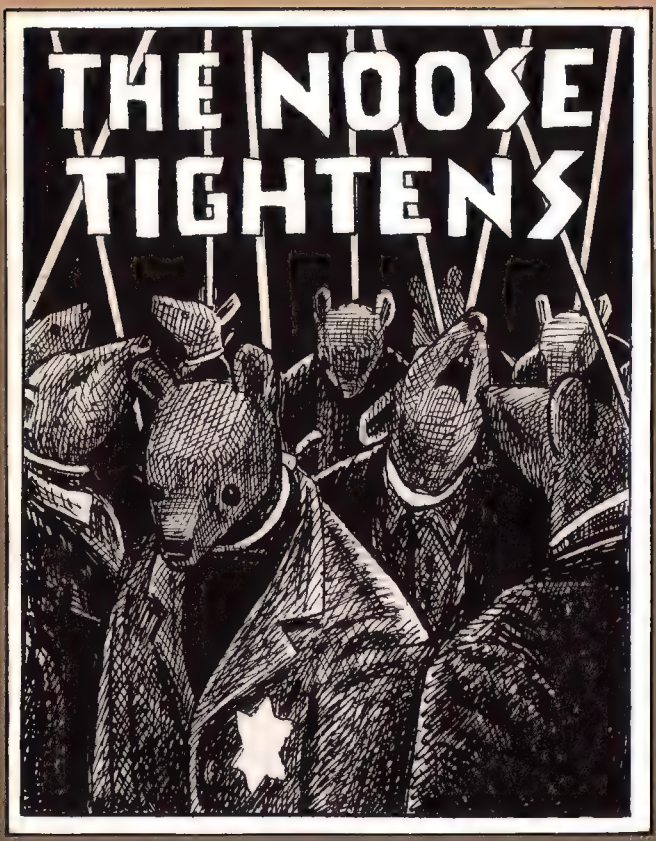
As you may remember...
In an attempt to prevent history from repeating itself, Dr. MABUSE has been working on a Device to allow him to be able to remember the future as if it were yesterday. Yesterday he unveiled the prostrate body of a man from the future.







MAUS



CHAPTER FOUR

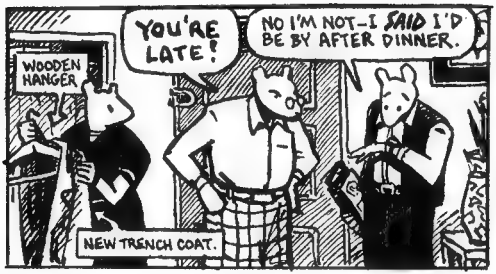
S Y N O P S I S

Art Spiegelman makes a series of visits to his father, Vladek, a Polish Jew living in Queens, to gather information for a book about his parents' life during World War Two. Anja, the author's mother, is dead. Vladek's second wife, Mala, is also a Polish concentration camp survivor.

Vladek tells Art that he married Anja Zylberberg in 1937. She was not especially pretty, but very bright, and from a wealthy family. Vladek moved into the Zylberberg household, and his father-in-law set him up with a textile factory. In 1938 they had a son, Richieu.

In 1939, Vladek was called to the front as a Polish soldier, and was captured by the Germans. As a Jewish prisoner of war, he was treated poorly, but after six months he was released and returned home to his family in Sosnowiec.

Next visit...


YOU'RE LATE!
NO I'M NOT-I SAID I'D BE BY AFTER DINNER.
WOODEN HANGER
NEW TRENCH COAT.

BUT NOW IS DARK OUT! I WANTED YOU WOULD CLIMB TO THE ROOF - IT'S A LEAK IN THE DRAIN PIPE.
HUH?

BUT I'M NO GOOD AT FIXING THAT KIND OF STUFF. WHY DON'T YOU HIRE SOMEBODY?
ACH!

YOU AND MALA! YOU BOTH THINK MONEY GROWS ON BUSHES. I'LL FIX IT MYSELF!
THAT'S CRAZY! YOU CAN'T CLIMB A TWO STORY LADDER IN YOUR CONDITION....

IF YOU WANT, I'LL PAY FOR THE HANDYMAN.
NEVER MIND - FORGET I SAID ANYTHING!... JUST COME SIT WITH ME. I HAVE TO PEDAL...

OTHERWISE I GET AT NIGHT A LEG CRAMP- WHAT YOU'RE HOLDING?
A NEW TAPE RECORDER...WRITING THINGS DOWN IS JUST TOO HARD.

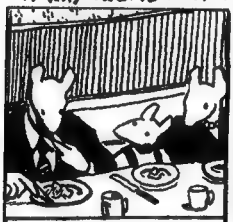
SO, HOW MUCH YOU PAID?
ONLY 75 BUCKS! IT WAS ON SALE.

PSSH, AT KORVETTES YOU COULD FIND IT FOR -MAXIMUM- $35.00.
BUT- SKIP IT! TELL ME ABOUT WHEN YOU GOT BACK FROM WAR PRISON IN 1940...

WHEN FIRST I CAME HOME IT LOOKED EXACTLY SO AS BEFORE I WENT AWAY...

IT WAS STILL VERY LUXURIOUS. THE GERMANS COULDN'T DESTROY EVERYTHING AT ONE TIME.

IT WAS TWELVE OF US LIVING IN FATHER-IN-LAW'S HOUSEHOLD...



IT WAS ANJA AND ME, AND OUR BOY, RICHIEV...

ANJA'S OLDER SISTER, TOSHA, HER HUSBAND, WOLFE, AND THEIR LITTLE GIRL, BIBI...

AND IT WAS ANJA'S GRANDPARENTS. THEY HAD MAYBE 90 YEARS, BUT VERY ALERT..

AND, OF COURSE, IT WAS MY FATHER-IN-LAW AND MY MOTHER-IN-LAW...

AND ALSO THE 2 KIDS FROM YOUR UNCLE HERMAN AND AUNT HELEN: LOLEK AND LONIA

AH, GRANDMOTHER - YOUR STEW IS EVEN TASTIER THAN I REMEMBERED.
NO - IT'S NOT LIKE BEFORE THE WAR, VLADEK - I CAN'T GET THE FOODS I NEED.

EACH OF US GETS COUPONS FOR 8 OUNCES OF BREAD A DAY, AND A TINY BIT OF MARGARINE, SUGAR AND JAM PER WEEK. THAT'S ALL!
SO HOW DO WE MANAGE?

I'VE DONATED A LOT TO THE GEMEINDER - THE JEWISH COMMUNITY ORGANIZATION - AND WOLFE WORKS THERE... SO WE GET A LITTLE EXTRA.

AND THERE'S THE BLACK MARKET.
WITH MONEY YOU CAN ALWAYS GET ANYTHING!

IT'S DANGEROUS, THOUGH. THE NAZIS TAKE YOU OFF TO A WORK CAMP FOR BREAKING ANY MINOR LAW.
WORSE - EVEN IF YOU DON'T BREAK ANY LAWS!
...AND THOSE THAT ARE TAKEN AWAY - THEY'RE NEVER SEEN AGAIN!

WELL, WE SHOULD BE HAPPY WE'RE ALL TOGETHER WITH ENOUGH TO EAT.
BUT WE MUST REALLY TIGHTEN OUR BELTS UNTIL THE WAR ENDS.
COME - LET'S PLAY RUMMY WHILE THE LADIES CLEAR THE TABLE.

HAS THE FAMILY BEEN TAKING GOOD CARE OF MY BIELSKO TEXTILE FACTORY?
DON'T YOU KNOW? ..ALL JEWISH BUSINESSES HAVE BEEN TAKEN OVER BY "ARYAN MANAGERS"..

I WENT TO OUR FACTORY IN LODZ, AND THEY SAID, "BETTER GO HOME TODAY, OLD MAN...TOMORROW WE'LL CARRY YOU OUT.
WHAT?

BUT ISN'T ANY MONEY COMING IN?
NOT A SINGLE ZLOTY. AND THE FAMILY WANTS TO LIVE THE WAY IT DID BEFORE THE WAR!

OKAY, VLADEK - CUT THE CARDS.
BUT, WOLFE - WHAT KIND OF WORK ARE YOU DOING?

JUST A LITTLE OFFICE WORK FOR THE GEMEINDER.... BUT A FEW MONTHS AGO FATHER-IN-LAW TOOK ALL HIS VALUABLES HOME FROM THE BANK SAFE.
HOW LONG CAN SAVINGS LAST?

DON'T WORRY SO MUCH, VLADEK. YOU'LL SEE... THE WAR WILL BE OVER LIKE LIGHTNING!
JA! LIKE LIGHTNING!
ACH!
WOLFE LOOKED ONLY TO PLAY CARDS.

I WENT THE NEXT DAY TO MODRZEJOWSKA STREET. HERE PEOPLE STILL MADE MONEY, FROM SECRET BUSINESSES.. NOT SO LEGAL...

(PSST— FOOD COUPONS FOR REICHS MARKS?)

VLADEK SPIEGELMAN!

MR. ILZECKI! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN SOSNOWIEC?

ILZECKI USED TO BE A CUSTOMER OF MINE.-THE BEST TAILOR IN KATOWICE.

THE NAZIS MOVED ME TO AN APARTMENT HERE. I MAKE UNIFORMS FOR THEIR OFFICERS... AND SUITS ON THE SIDE WHEN I CAN GET THE CLOTH.

ARE YOU STILL IN BUSINESS?

I DON'T KNOW. I *JUST* GOT BACK FROM WAR PRISON.

WELL, IF YOU GET ANY CLOTH, COME SEE ME. THIS NOTE WILL GET YOU PAST THE DOORMAN.

THE NOTE TOLD THAT I WORKED WITH HIM SUCH A PAPER COULD BE USEFUL TO HAVE

I WENT THEN TO SHOPS WHAT STILL OWED ME MONEY FROM BEFORE THE WAR...

BUT I *CAN'T* PAY YOU! A GERMAN RUNS MY PLACE NOW. I'M LUCKY JUST TO HAVE A JOB!

THEN ADVANCE ME A FEW YARDS OF MATERIAL WITHOUT COUPONS.

OKAY, OKAY. HIDE THIS UNDER YOUR CLOTHES.

MR. ILZECKI, PLEASE.

SO I MADE A NICE FEW ZLOTYS THE VERY FIRST WEEK I CAME HOME.

I REMEMBER, FATHER-IN-LAW WAS SO HAPPY WITH ME.

YOU SEE, AT LEAST THERE'S *ONE* SMART GUY IN THE FAMILY.

OF COURSE I ONLY SAID I GOT *HALF* WHAT I REALLY MADE. OTHERWISE THEY WOULDN'T SAVE ANYTHING.

A LITTLE LATER I WAS AGAIN ON MODRZEJOWSKA LOOKING TO BUY SOME TEXTILES WITHOUT COUPONS...

CHIWEIBA

...THE S.S. CLOSED OFF THE WHOLE STREET TO INSPECT THE WORKING PAPERS FROM EVERYONE.

I DIDN'T *KNOW* BEFORE ABOUT THIS.

I MANAGED TO DISAPPEAR INTO A BUILDING.

BUT THEY TOOK MAYBE 50% OF THE PEOPLE AWAY.

I TALKED ABOUT IT TO FATHER-IN-LAW...

THEY ALMOST GOT ME! I'LL NEED MORE THAN JUST ILZECKI'S NOTE!

IT'S TRUE.

COME... WE'LL VISIT A FRIEND OF MINE WHO OWNS A TIN SHOP. I THINK HIS OVERSEER CAN BE BRIBED.

AND SO IT WENT...

OKAY, VLADEK... SINCE WE MAKE THINGS FOR GERMANY WE CAN GET YOU A PRIORITY WORK CARD.

REMEMBER, IF THERE'S A ROUND-UP, RUN IN HERE AND PRETEND YOU'RE WORKING.

I LEARNED HERE TO DO THINGS WHAT WERE USEFUL TO ME WHEN I CAME TO AUSCHWITZ

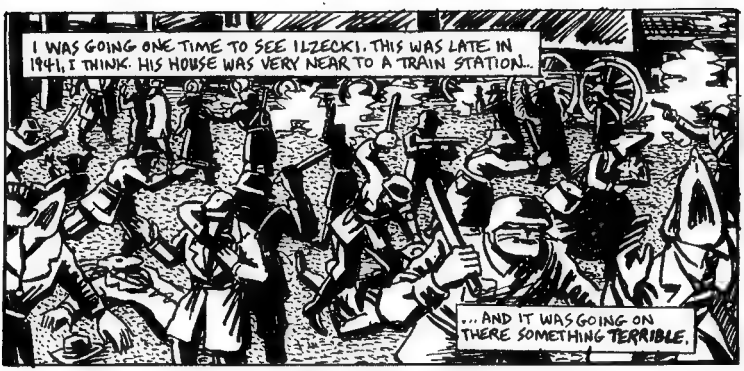
WOLFE AND I SHLEPPED EVERYTHING VALUABLE DOWNSTAIRS FOR A POLISH NEIGHBOR TO HIDE.

ANJA'S MOTHER HAD GALLSTONES. THE DAY THE GERMANS CAME SHE LAY IN THE BED.

FATHER-IN-LAW HAD AN OLD FRIEND WHO CAME ALWAYS OVER TO PLAY CARDS.

HIDDEN. WE HAD NO USE FROM THE FURNITURE. SO WE SHLEPPED IT AGAIN UPSTAIRS TO SELL.

HE WAS SO UNHAPPY AFTER. SO UNHAPPY.


I WAS GOING ONE TIME TO SEE ILZECKI. THIS WAS LATE IN 1941, I THINK. HIS HOUSE WAS VERY NEAR TO A TRAIN STATION...
... AND IT WAS GOING ON THERE SOMETHING TERRIBLE.

I HAD TO PASS NEAR— AND THEY WERE GRABBING JEWS, IF THEY HAD PAPERS OR NO!
WHAT HAD I TO DO?

WILL I WALK SLOWLY, THEY WILL TAKE ME...
WILL I RUN THEY CAN SHOOT ME!

THEN FROM FAR, I SAW ILZECKI WALKING, SO I WENT HASTY OVER TO HIM.
ALLO!
MR. SPIEGELMAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? DON'T YOU SEE WHAT'S GOING ON?

QUICK-COME UPSTAIRS WITH ME UNTIL THE TRAINS LEAVE!
ILZECKI LIVED IN A VERY FANCY HOUSE. HE WAS THE ONLY JEW THERE.

SO I SAT WITH HIM AND HIS WIFE A GOOD FEW HOURS. WE HEARD SHOOTING AND SCREAMS.
HE SURVIVED ME MY LIFE THAT TIME.

ILZECKI HAD A SON THE SAME AGE LIKE RICHIEU. IF YOU ONLY COULD SEE HOW THOSE CHILDREN PLAYED TOGETHER.

LISTEN, VLADEK..

WE CAN'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US – BUT WE MUST KEEP OUR CHILDREN SAFE.

I HAVE A GOOD FRIEND, A POLE, WHO'S WILLING TO HIDE MY SON UNTIL THE SITUATION GETS BETTER.

...I THINK HE'D TAKE YOUR BOY TOO.

YES, YOU MAY BE RIGHT! LET ME SPEAK WITH MY FAMILY.

BUT, I'M TELLING YOU, IT WAS SOMETHING TERRIBLE GOING ON IN OUR HOUSE WHEN I EVEN MENTIONED IT.

WHAT? HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?

HOW CAN YOU EVEN THINK OF GIVING RICHIEU UP TO COMPLETE STRANGERS?!

I'LL NEVER GIVE UP MY BABY. NEVER!

ILZECKI AND HIS WIFE DIDN'T COME OUT FROM THE WAR.

...BUT HIS SON REMAINED ALIVE; OURS DID NOT.

...AND ANYWAY WE HAD TO GIVE RICHIEU TO HIDE A YEAR LATER.

WHEN WE WERE IN THE GHETTO, IN 1943, TOSHA TOOK ALL THE CHILDREN TO-

WAIT! PLEASE, DAD. IF YOU DON'T KEEP YOUR STORY CHRONOLOGICAL, I'LL NEVER GET IT STRAIGHT... TELL ME MORE ABOUT 1941 AND 1942.

ACH! OKAY. I'LL MAKE IT SO HOW YOU WANT IT. 1941?... AT THE END OF 1941 THE GERMANS CAME WITH SOMETHING NEW. WOLFE RAN FROM THE GEMEINDER...

LOOK! THEY'RE PUTTING THESE UP ALL OVER TOWN.

ORDER

All Jews of Sosnowiec must be relocated into the Stara Sosnowiec quarter by January 1, 1942. Non-Jews will be moved into vacated premises.

Mauch Marin

ALL 12 OF OUR HOUSEHOLD WERE GIVEN NOW TO LIVE IN 2½ SMALL ROOMS...

REWARD

FOR EVERY UNREGISTERED JEW YOU FIND: 1 KILO of SUGAR

MOST PEOPLE GOT EVEN LESS SPACE. BUT FATHER-IN-LAW AND WOLFE HAD A LITTLE INFLUENCE...

BUT THIS WASN'T YET A REAL GHETTO. STILL YOU COULD GO INTO OTHER PARTS OF TOWN SO LONG YOU WERE HOME AT NIGHT-TIME

HOLD THE LADDER, ANJA.

I'M PUTTING UP A CURTAIN TO GIVE US SOME PRIVACY.

TOSHA INSISTED ON GETTING THE PART OF THE ROOM WITH THE WINDOW.

IT DOESN'T MATTER, VLADEK. I'M JUST GLAD THE WHOLE FAMILY CAN STAY TOGETHER.

IT WAS NO MORE THE LUXURY LIFE WE HAD BEFORE.

FOR A COUPLE MONTHS I DID HERE STILL MY BLACK MARKET BUSINESS. THEN CAME MORE BAD NEWS, VERY BAD...

WHAT'S WRONG, FATHER?

THEY JUST ARRESTED MY FRIEND, NAHUM COHN, AND HIS SON.

THEY'VE TAKEN *FOUR* JEWS AWAY FOR DEALING GOODS WITHOUT COUPONS.

I DID MUCH BUSINESS WITH COHN!

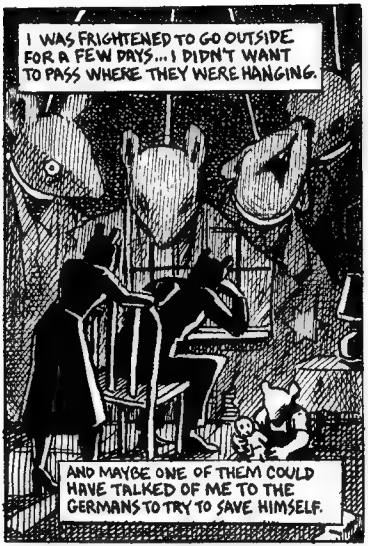
THE GERMANS INTEND TO MAKE AN *EXAMPLE* OF THEM!

THE NEXT DAY I WALKED OVER TO MODRZEJOWSKA STREET AND I SAW THEM...

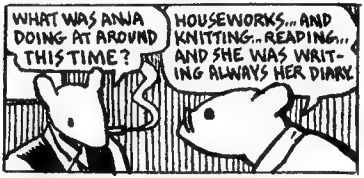
THEY HANGED THERE ONE FULL WEEK.

COHN HAD A DRY GOODS STORE. HE WAS KNOWN OVER ALL SOSNOWIEC. OFTEN HE GAVE ME CLOTH WITH NO COUPONS.

I TRADED ALSO WITH PFEFER, A FINE YOUNG MAN-A ZIONIST. HE WAS JUST MARRIED. HIS WIFE RAN SCREAMING IN THE STREET.


I WAS FRIGHTENED TO GO OUTSIDE FOR A FEW DAYS... I DIDN'T WANT TO PASS WHERE THEY WERE HANGING.
AND MAYBE ONE OF THEM COULD HAVE TALKED OF ME TO THE GERMANS TO TRY TO SAVE HIMSELF.

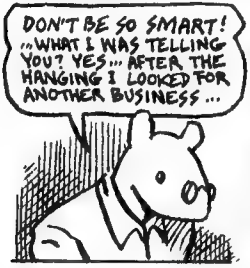
ACH. WHEN I THINK NOW OF THEM, IT STILL MAKES ME CRY... LOOK-EVEN FROM MY DEAD EYE TEARS ARE COMING OUT!


WHAT WAS ANNA DOING AT AROUND THIS TIME?
HOUSEWORKS... AND KNITTING... READING... AND SHE WAS WRITING ALWAYS HER DIARY.

I USED TO SEE POLISH NOTEBOOKS AROUND THE HOUSE AS A KID. WERE THOSE HER DIARIES?
YES, AND ALSO NO.

HER DIARIES DIDN'T SURVIVE FROM THE WAR. WHAT YOU SAW SHE WROTE AFTER: HER WHOLE STORY FROM THE START.
OHMIGOD! WHERE ARE THEY? I NEED THOSE FOR THIS BOOK!

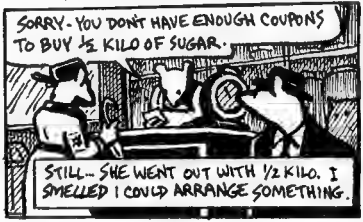
COFF! PLEASE, ARTIE, STOP WITH THE SMOKING. IT MAKES ME SHORT WITH BREATH.
I THINK IT'S ALL YOUR PEDALING!


DON'T BE SO SMART! ...WHAT I WAS TELLING YOU? YES... AFTER THE HANGING I LOOKED FOR ANOTHER BUSINESS...

...I STARTED TO TRADE GOLD AND JEWELRY.
IT WAS EASIER TO HIDE THAN CLOTHINGS. I KEPT THINGS HIDDEN IN THE CHILD'S STROLLER, AND I MADE A FEW ZLOTYS.

FOR A WHILE I HAD ALSO A FOOD BUSINESS THAT I DIDN'T YET TELL YOU...

I MET SZKLARCZYK. HE HAD A BIG GROCERY ON MODRZEJOWSKA..
YOU'RE ZYLBERBERG'S SON-IN-LAW, RIGHT? COME INSIDE AND WAIT FOR THE RAIN TO STOP.


SO, TOGETHER, WE SAT AND SPOKE, AND HE HELPED, FROM TIME TO TIME, A CUSTOMER...
SORRY - YOU DON'T HAVE ENOUGH COUPONS TO BUY ½ KILO OF SUGAR.
STILL - SHE WENT OUT WITH ½ KILO. I SMELLED I COULD ARRANGE SOMETHING.

THEN A LITTLE MORE WE SPOKE AND HE MADE TO ME A PROPOSITION...
MAYBE YOU COULD SELL MY 'EXTRA' ITEMS TO SMALL SHOPS IN THE AREA ...UNDER THE COUNTER.
IT WAS DANGERDUS TO CARRY THESE THINGS - BUT MAYBE I COULD BE LUCKY.

WHEN SOMEBODY IS HUNGRY HE LOOKS FOR BUSINESS...

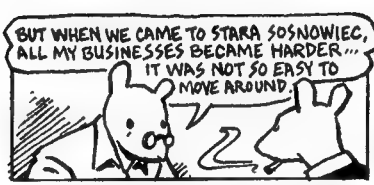
ONE TIME I HAD 10 OR 15 KILOS SUGAR TO DELIVER...
HALT JEW! WHAT ARE YOU CARRYING?

WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO SAY? FOR THIS I COULD REALLY HANG!
SUGAR.

...I'M TAKING IT OVER TO MY GROCERY STORE.
OH. YOU HAVE A SHOP?
I MADE SO THEY WOULD THINK IT WAS LEGAL.

I WENT TO THE BACK DOOR WHERE I HAD TO DELIVER...
OPEN UP, POLDEK!

...I'VE GOT OUR SUGAR.
?!
AND THEY LEFT ME GO WITHOUT EVEN CHECKING MY PAPERS!



AND THEN IT CAME *AGAIN* SOMETHING NEW FROM THE GERMANS. WE GOT A NOTICE...

ANJA'S GRANDPARENTS HAD ABOUT 90 YEARS.

SEVERAL TIMES CAME THE JEWISH POLICE TO OUR HOUSE...

OUR RECORDS SHOW THAT MR. AND MRS. KARMIO LIVE HERE. THEY HAVEN'T REGISTERED FOR TRANSFER.

YES - MY WIFE'S PARENTS - THEY LEFT WITHOUT A WORD A MONTH AGO.

JEWISH POLICE?

YES - WITH BIG STICKS.

SOME JEWS THOUGHT IN THIS WAY: IF THEY GAVE TO THE GERMANS A FEW JEWS, THEY COULD SAVE THE REST.

AND AT LEAST THEY COULD SAVE THEMSELVES.

AND A MONTH AFTER, THEY AGAIN CAME TO FATHER-IN-LAW,

MR. ZYLBERBERG, YOU AND YOUR WIFE MUST COME WITH US.

IF THE KARMIOS DON'T TURN UP IN 3 DAYS YOU TWO WILL BE SENT IN THEIR PLACE!

HE HAD STILL A LITTLE "PROTECTION" FROM THE GEMEINDER, SO THEY TOOK ONLY HIM AWAY - NOT HIS WIFE.

HE SAT A FEW DAYS THERE, THEN HE SENT TO US A NOTE

HE WROTE THAT WE HAD TO GIVE OVER THE GRANDPARENTS. EVEN IF THEY TOOK ONLY HIM AWAY NOW, NEXT THEY WOULD GRAB HIS WIFE, AND THEN THE REST OF THE FAMILY.

SO, WHAT HAPPENED?

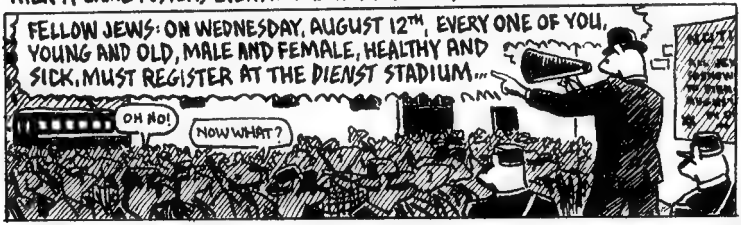
WHAT HAPPENED? WE HAD TO DELIVER THEM!

THEY THOUGHT IT WAS TO THERESIENSTADT THEY WERE GOING.

LET US KNOW IF YOU NEED ANYTHING!

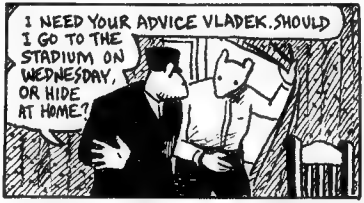
BUT THEY WENT RIGHT AWAY TO AUSCHWITZ, TO THE GAS.

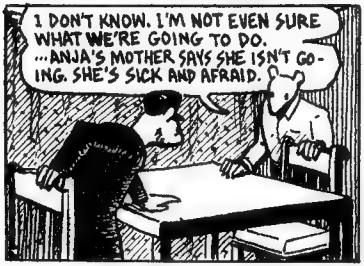
AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GRANDPARENTS, IT WAS A FEW MONTHS QUIET. THEN IT CAME POSTERS EVERYWHERE AND SPEECHES FROM THE GEMEINDER...

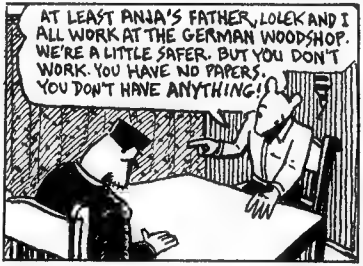


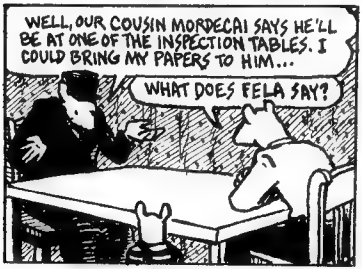
MY FATHER-HE HAD 62 YEARS-CAME BY STREETCAR TO ME FROM DABROWA, THE VILLAGE NEXT DOOR FROM SOSNOWIEC.

AFTER MY MOTHER DIED WITH CANCER, HE LIVED THERE IN THE HOUSE OF MY SISTER FELA, AND HER FOUR SMALL CHILDREN.









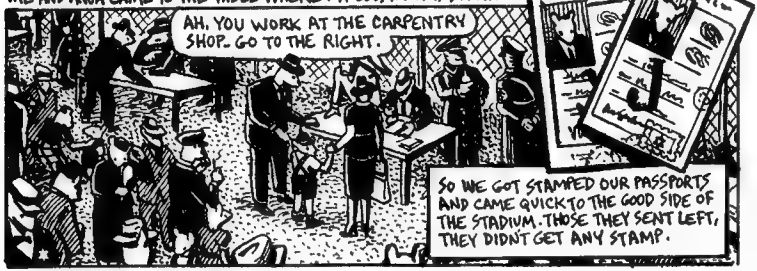
REALLY, I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO ADVISE HIM.

EVERYONE CAME VERY NICE DRESSED. THEY TRIED SO THAT THEY WOULD LOOK YOUNG AND ABLE TO WORK, IN ORDER TO GET A GOOD STAMP ON THEIR PASSPORT.

WHEN WE WERE EVERYBODY INSIDE, GESTAPO WITH MACHINE GUNS SURROUNDED THE STADIUM.

THEN WAS A SELECTION, WITH PEOPLE SENT EITHER TO THE LEFT, EITHER TO THE RIGHT.

ME AND ANJA CAME TO THE TABLE WHERE MY COUSIN WAS SITTING...



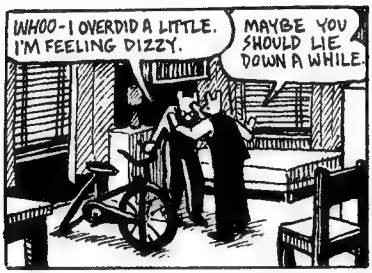
WE WERE SO HAPPY WE CAME THROUGH. BUT WE WORRIED NOW - WERE OUR FAMILIES SAFE?

BUT LATER SOMEONE WHO SAW HIM TOLD ME... HE CAME THROUGH THIS SAME COUSIN OVER TO THE GOOD SIDE.

HER, THEY SENT TO THE LEFT. FOUR CHILDREN WAS TOO MANY.

AND, WHAT DO YOU THINK? HE SNEAKED ON TO THE BAD SIDE!

THOSE WITH A STAMP WERE LET TO GO HOME. BUT THERE WERE VERY FEW JEWS NOW LEFT IN SOSNOWIEC...


WHOO-I OVERDID A LITTLE. I'M FEELING DIZZY.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD LIE DOWN A WHILE.

ARE YOU FINISHED?
UH-HUH. MY FATHER'S WORN OUT. HE'S TAKING A NAP.

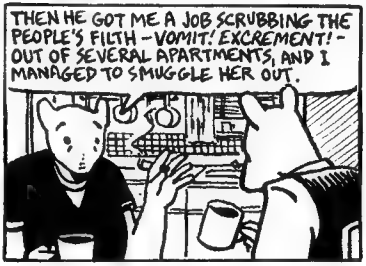
HE WAS JUST TELLING ME ABOUT THE TIME EVERYONE IN SOSNOWIEC HAD TO GET HIS PASSPORT STAMPED.
IN THE STADIUM? YES... THEY GOT MY MOTHER THEN.

SHE WAS TAKEN, WITH EVERYBODY ELSE WHO WAS GOING TO BE DEPORTED, TO FOUR APARTMENT HOUSES THAT WERE EMPTIED TO MAKE A SORT OF PRISON...

THEY PUT THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE THERE... IT WAS SO CROWDED THAT SOME OF THEM ACTUALLY SUFFOCATED... NO FOOD... NO TOILETS. IT WAS TERRIBLE.

PEOPLE JUMPED OUT THE WINDOWS TO END THEIR MISERY A LITTLE QUICKER.
GOD.

BUT MY MOTHER SURVIVED THAT. HER BROTHER WAS ON THE JEWISH COMMITTEE, AND HE HID HER IN A COAL CELLAR 'TIL ALL THE TRANSPORTS LEFT.


THEN HE GOT ME A JOB SCRUBBING THE PEOPLE'S FILTH - VOMIT! EXCREMENT! - OUT OF SEVERAL APARTMENTS, AND I MANAGED TO SMUGGLE HER OUT.

next: **Chapter Five. MOUSE HOLES.**

MAUS

This is chapter four, *The Noose Tightens,* of a projected 200-250 page work. Future chapters will appear in RAW as they are completed.

A few copies of the previous chapters, as they appeared in RAW, are available (to new readers only, please) as a set of three booklets for four dollars postpaid.

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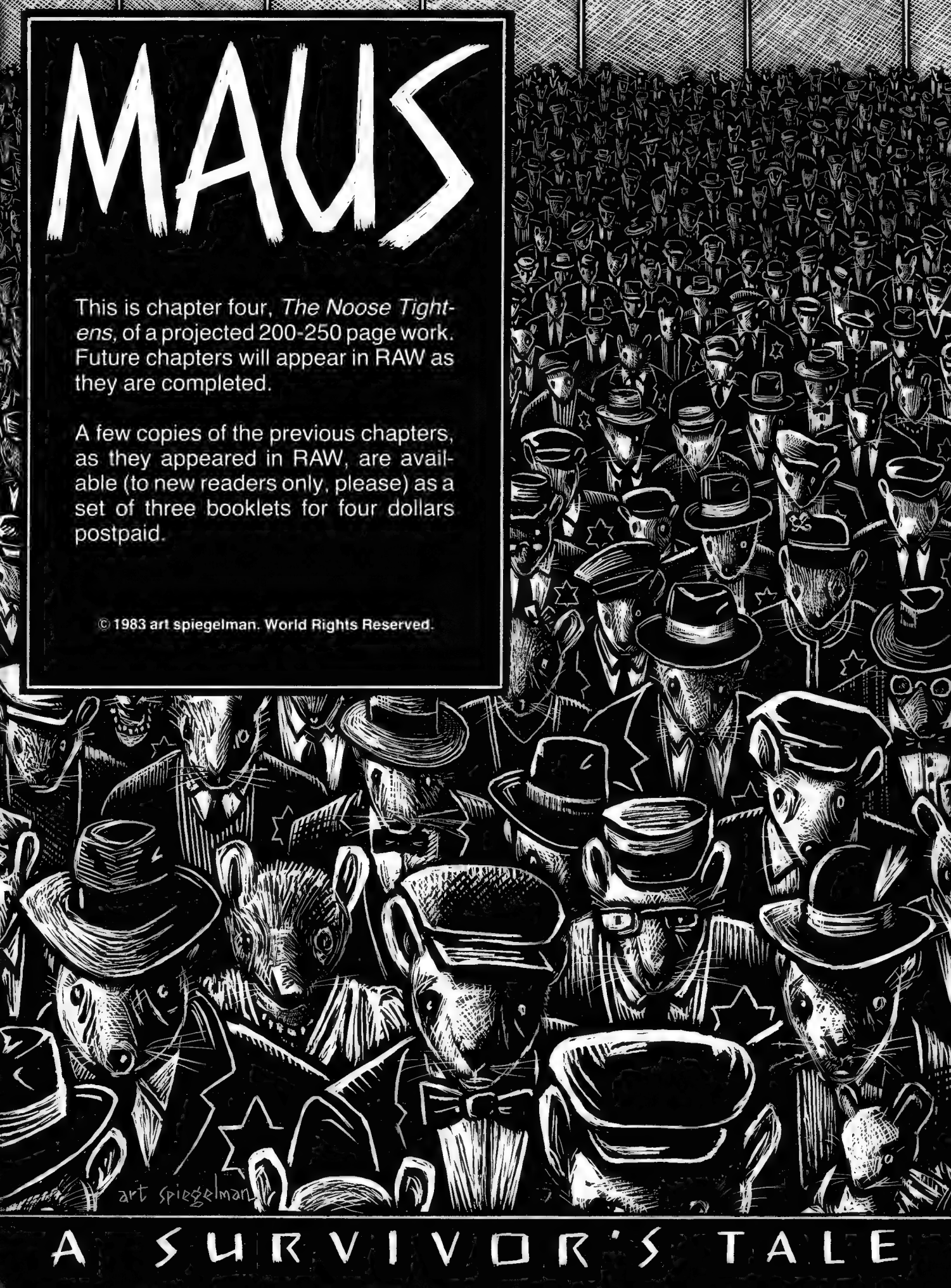
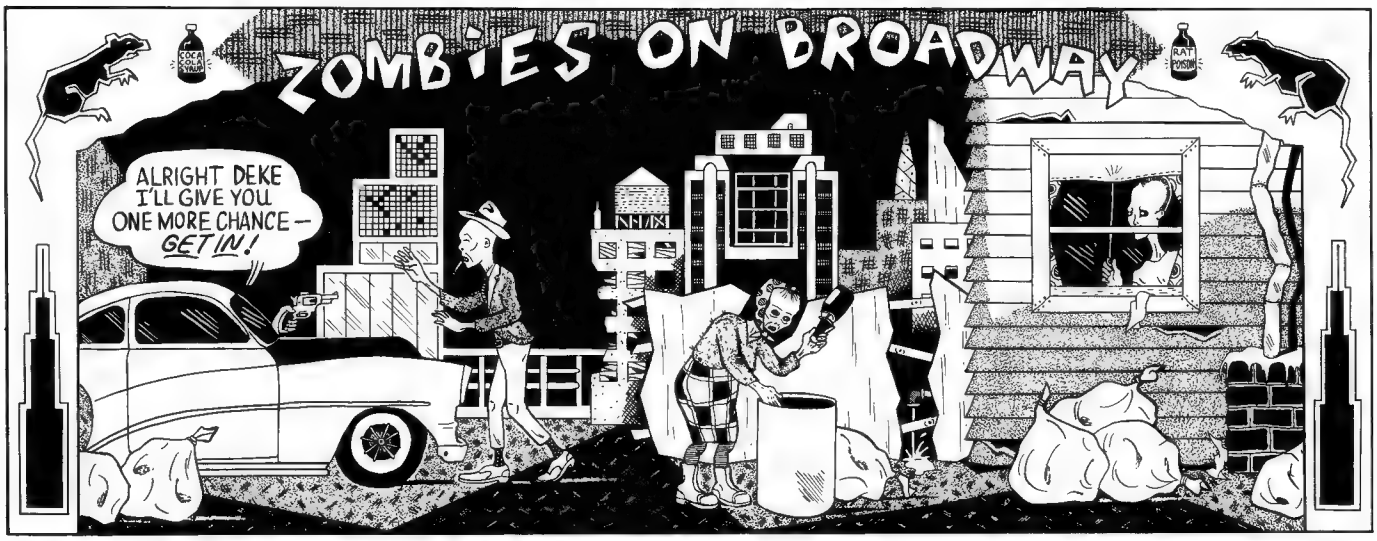
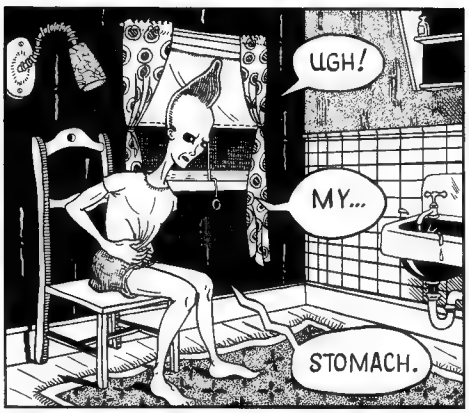
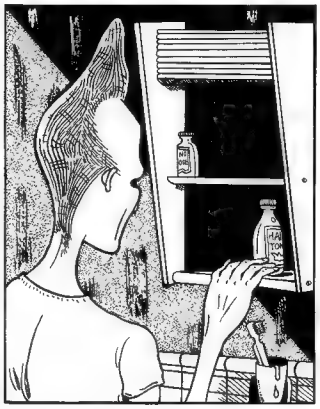
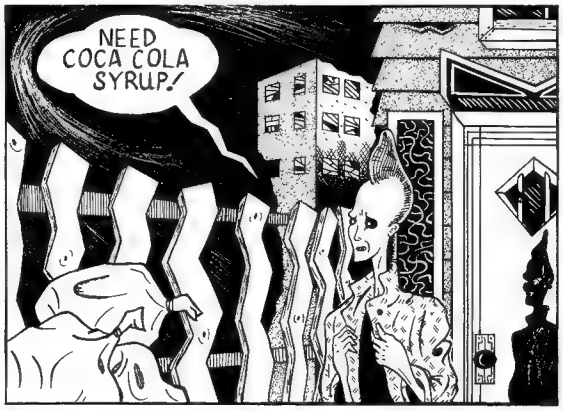


A SURVIVOR'S TALE

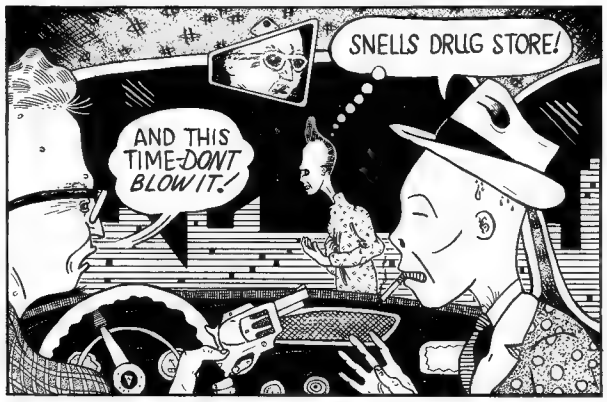

ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY
COCA COLA SYRUP
RAT POISON
ALRIGHT DEKE I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE — GET IN!


UGH!
MY...
STOMACH.




NEED COCA COLA SYRUP!

ALRIGHT DEKE I WANT YOU TO GO TO SNELLS DRUG STORE AND GET THE RAT POISON!
ANGEL'S

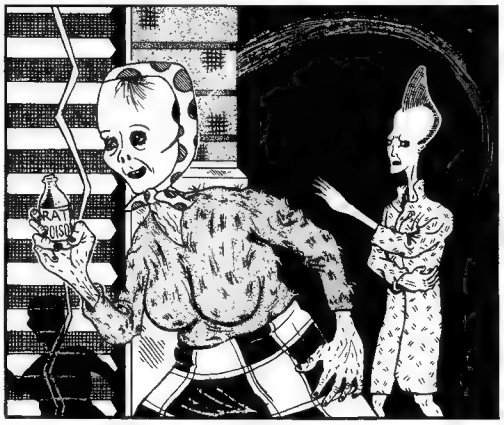

SNELLS DRUG STORE!
AND THIS TIME-DONT BLOW IT!

SPARE A QUARTER?!

GET THE RAT POISON OR ELSE!
GOT'CHA!
DRUGS
COCA COLA SYRUP
RAT POISON
HAVE A NICE NIGHT!
YES! WE HIRE THE BLIND!
SIRS! SIRS! I THINK I GAVE YOU THE WRONG BAGS!

BROADWAY
HERE GOES!

RAT POISON


RAT POISON

BUT- BUT-I SWEAR BOSS, I DID ASK FOR THE RAT POISON!

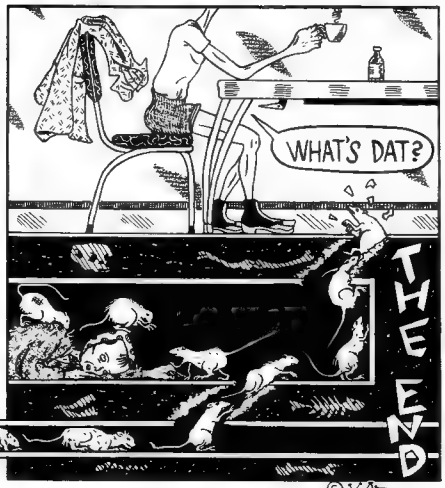
GET OUT OF MY CAR, DEKE!

ANGEL!

BUT-I'M TELLIN' YA-I DID ASK FOR RAT POIS~~

COCA COLA SYRUP !!!

MMMMM


WHAT'S DAT?
THE END

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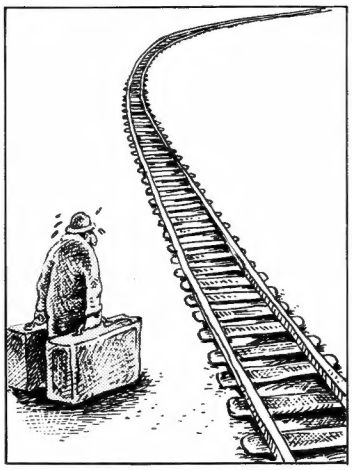

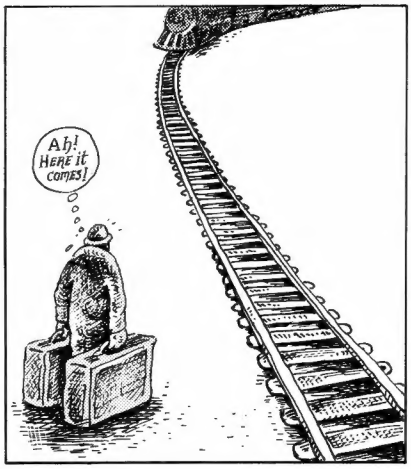

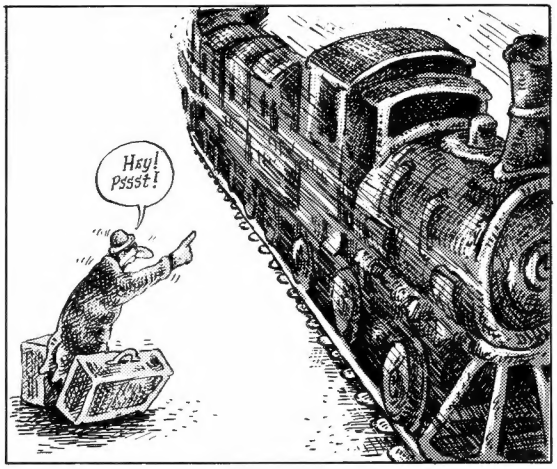

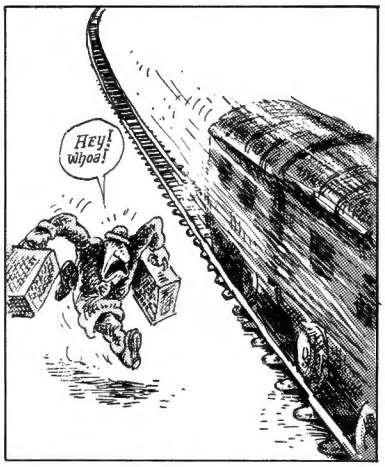

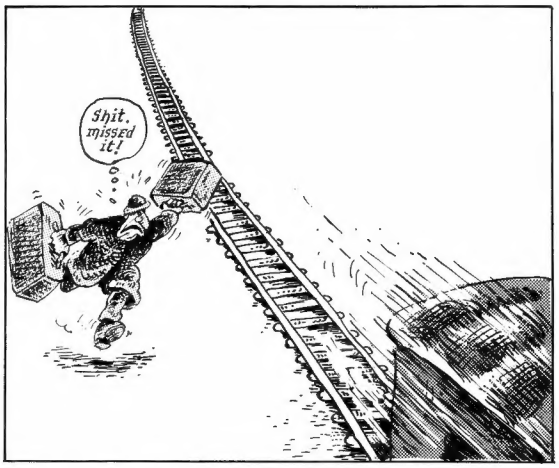

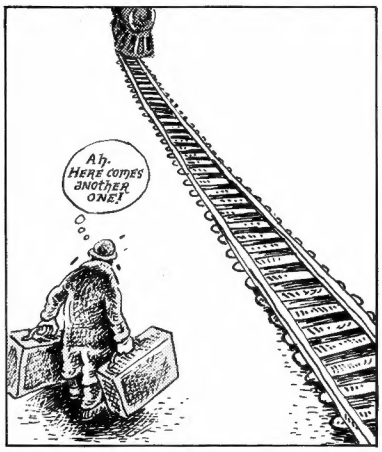

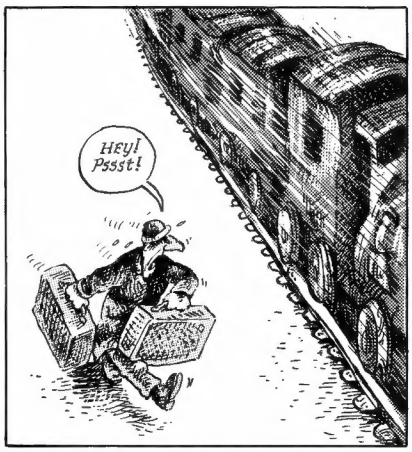

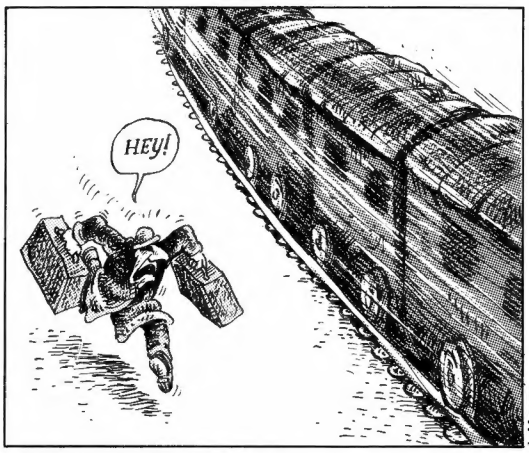

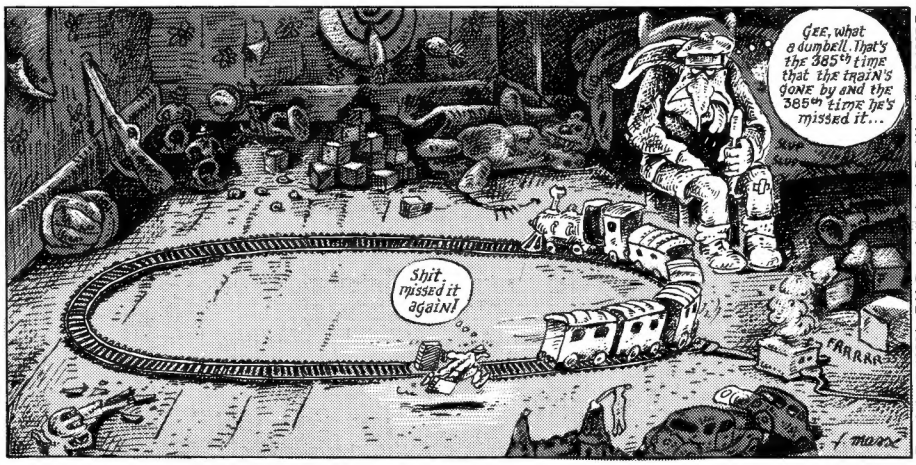

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read yourself Raw!

A Pyramid Scan
CW.
C2C · Quality · CBZ